THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIX. No. 1001 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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M. Schuman to the Rescue?

THE Yalta Conference, as we were recently reminded by Mr. Stettinius' record of it, was overshadowed by the Battle of the Bulge. Bitter anxiety about that foggy and quite unexpected defeat obsessed Mr. Roosevelt and enabled Marshal Stalin to seize the initiative. Though the Russians are not here in London this week, they dominate the Foreign Ministers' discussions. Once again the Kremlin holds the initiative, and once again the American representative is looking over his shoulder to see what the outcome of a desperate rearguard action is likely to be.

No wonder *The Times* correspondent reported last Monday that Washington expected little positive from these much-heralded conversations. Mr. Acheson has argued, sensibly enough, that successful negotiations with the Soviet Union can only be conducted from "positions of strength." But what about his own position? At the moment when he is seeking to formulate a "strong" Western policy, and to persuade America's allies that they can expect continuous and increasing aid from across the Atlantic, the Secretary of State is subjected to a series of attacks in Congress which surpass even the American record for political scurrility. In repelling them, he is loyally supported by the President. But his predecessors in office, Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Marshall, who formulated the policy he is now conducting and approved the staff of the State Department who are now accused of Fifth Column activities, remain ominously silent, while Mr. Acheson is subjected to the multiple untruths of Senator McCarthy. This technique of political denigration, which makes Hitler's big lie look comparatively honest, was successfully employed to hound David Lilienthal out of public service; it may well result in the resignation of Mr. Acheson and Dr. Jessup before the end of the year. Instead of being able to offer aid, Mr. Acheson has come to London in search of succour. What he needs is a diplomatic success to strengthen his shattered defences, in the Cold War which his own countrymen are waging against him.

What success can he reasonably expect? Up to M. Schuman's dramatic announcement on Tuesday, his prospects were dim. Partly in order to reduce their own economic commitments and partly because they regard the Germans as Europe's most reliable anti-Communists, Congressmen are determined to remove the last Allied controls from Western Germany and to force Britain and France to accept Dr. Adenauer as a "comrade-in-arms." It was obvious, however, that neither M. Schuman nor Mr. Bevin could even discuss the idea unless it was counterbalanced by an increased American commitment in Europe, and unless the threat of German economic competition was removed. On neither of these points could Mr. Acheson promise any assistance. A deadlock seemed inevitable.

M. Schuman's proposals—probably the most important pronouncement since Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech—offer a way out; or rather, they offer a choice of ways, one full of hope, the other leading straight to disaster. As we have repeatedly reminded our readers, a Franco-German entente based on a revival of the old iron and steel cartel would lead straight to a German-dominated and reactionary Western Union. It would isolate Britain economically and soon ruin our export market. On the other hand, a European Administration of steel and coal, in which Britain participated, might become the nucleus of an independent Western Union—provided always that we were successful in obtaining the proper Socialist safeguards.

The pity is that, by prevaricating for so long, Mr. Bevin has forfeited the initiative. He failed to instruct the British Labour delegation at Strasbourg to outline a Socialist plan for European integration and to state clearly the conditions on which Britain would be prepared to participate in common industrial planning. As a result, he will be forced either to reject the Schuman scheme outright or to accept it in principle and then try to introduce, in the course of negotiation, the safeguards necessary to maintain full employment and "fair shares" in this country. We have no doubt which course is correct. We cannot afford to turn our back on Western Europe. But how much better the prospect of success if this had been not the Schuman but the Bevin plan!

From the point of view of the American Secretary of State, however, M. Schuman's initiative, taken in conjunction with M. Bidault's larger proposals for an Atlantic Council, may well prove a merciful delivery. They provide him with precisely that evidence of European vitality which he required to face the attacks of the neo-isolationists at Washington. M. Schuman may well have saved Mr. Acheson at the cost of Mr. Bevin's reputation.

Arms for Indo-China

Mr. Acheson's promise of American military assistance in Indo-China was prompted by two motives. In the first place, it will do something to placate his domestic critics, who apparently believe that the test of his anti-Communism is whether the Secretary of State is prepared to learn nothing from the disastrous lesson of American assistance to the Chinese Nationalists. But it must also be remembered that, during his visit to Paris, Mr. Acheson was under tremendous pressure from the French Government. Mr. Schuman apparently threatened him with the collapse of the Fourth Republic, if aid to Bao Dai was not speedily granted. Anything, however, which can now be done will probably only postpone the end in Indo-China. We hope, therefore, that on this issue Mr. Bevin will bring all his famous obstinacy into play and refuse any British assistance.

Preventing German Rearmament

"The Allied snooping commissions," boasted Gustav Krupp in referring, long afterwards, to the attempts of the Allies after 1918 to prevent clandestine rearmament in Germany, "were duped." In fact, they were not. The British member of the Inter-Allied Control Council of that date, General J. H. Morgan, has since recorded how, after 1919, "almost every document put up to us by the (German) Ministry of War was found, after we had checked its statements by 'control' inspections, to be false." The truth of the matter, of course, was that the Governments of the Entente cared very little—at that time—whether a Right-wing Germany rearmed or not.

This week the three High Commissioners in Western Germany have promulgated their law for the prevention of German rearmament. It is to be administered by the Military Security Board with the assistance of the Allied staffs in the three zones. General Hodges, the American chairman of the Board, is said to be "quite optimistic" of obtaining German co-operation. Yet the Board's terms of reference and facilities —not to speak of its attitude—are a good deal more restricted than those of its predecessor after 1918. It is hard to believe that German industrialists will not find ways of evading the Board's vigilance. In the 'twenties, for example, the Germans farmed out experimental work to the Bofors factory in Sweden and to submarine engineers in Holland. The same kind of people, and often the selfsame people, to-day own, control, and manage German heavy industry. They are up to all the tricks. No doubt these tricks could be confounded if the Western Powers were desperately interested in preventing German rearmament. But are they? And, if not, is the new law worth much more than the paper it is written on?

America's Home Front

The long campaign for the U.S. elections in November began in earnest last week. President Truman set out on a cross-continent trip similar to those which he made so successfully in his own bid for re-election in 1948. But this time he has an even more difficult political task ahead. In 1948, he could pitch into the Republican Eightieth Congress; now the Democrats control both House and Senate, and Mr. Truman will be both appealing for votes for the Democratic candidates and trying to explain why the Democratic majority has failed to carry the Fair Deal programme for which he stumped the country. This places him in an awkward position. He cannot flatly attack the Congress, nor can he—at a time when he is seeking to re-establish a bi-partisan foreign policy—belabour the Republicans too roundly. He will, moreover, have to defend his Administration against the mud-slinging in which Senator McCarthy and other Republicans have been indulging in an attempt to discredit the Democrats. It is difficult to say how much the electorate will be influenced by the "disclosures" of "Communism" in the State Department—a standard Republican tactic by now—but clearly the American political atmosphere is becoming increasingly poisoned by this sort of thing.

Though the Democrats should be able to retain control of the House and Senate, it is clear that the Fair Deal is running into electoral difficulties, partly because the opposition has been allowed to seize the initiative. Mr. Truman cannot have been pleased by the defeat of Senator Claude Pepper, one of the outstanding liberals in the Senate, in the Democratic primary in Florida. Claude Pepper was beaten by Representative Smathers in a contest in which the most reactionary section of the Democratic Party openly attacked the "Socialism" of the Fair Deal and unscrupulously denounced Pepper as a "Red" and a "nigger-lover." American liberalism is being forced on the defensive.

Election Prospects

The by-elections at Dumbarton and Brighouse and the Scottish municipal elections—the English are not out as we go to press—seem to indicate that, despite a sombre Budget, the strength of the Government in the country has not seriously diminished. The Councillors standing were, of course, those who fought in 1946 when Labour was still very much in the ascendant. The Scottish results, therefore, can be considered by Transport House as by no means unsatisfactory. The most interesting feature was the startling difference between the apathy of the municipal voter and the very high by-election polls, which suggest that interest in Parliament remains as keen as it was last February; the country feels that the big decision has still to be taken.

But would a second General Election have a very different result? Neither at Dumbarton nor at Brighouse did the Conservative vote rise appreciably. In the former case, the Labour poll decreased very slightly despite a new register which was said to be favourable and the absence of a Communist candidate. In the latter, the decline was nearly 2 per cent., but this in part may be accounted for by the quite unusual personal popularity of Mr. Cobb, whose death was the cause of the by-election. Though it is impossible to draw any firm conclusions from these two results, it is difficult to avoid the impression that the strength of a Government in office but without effective power must decline unless the economic situation improves very rapidly indeed. Sir Stafford and his advisors are believed to expect this to happen, and to be arguing for postponing the appeal to the country until next year. Such postponement would be justifiable if the Government were confident of replacing the wage-freeze by something more attractive.

There can be no doubt—and the public opinion polls confirm this view—that the wage-freeze is the most unpopular feature of Labour policy to-day. Indeed, it probably accounted for the 5 per cent. decline in the number of working-class men who voted Labour last February, a decline which far exceeded the loss of middle and upper class votes. Since the Budget has done nothing to help those who earn under £7 a week, this decline must be expected to continue. Altogether, the case for postponing the General Election after next autumn is very weak. What the Labour Party needs is a new dynamic and it will not get it by clinging to office.

Debate on Education

Last week's debate on the Education Estimates turned mainly on two questions—the progress of school-building in relation to the need for 1,500,000 new school places by 1953, and the financial problems of the denominational schools under the Act of 1944. Mr. Butler, for the Conservatives, fully agreed with Mr. Tomlinson upon the undesirability of upsetting the religious compromise embodied in the Act, and the point at issue was thus in effect narrowed to the interpretation to be put on the financial clauses. Mr. Tomlinson went a long way towards meeting the claims of the Catholic (and of the Church of England) schools by putting a very liberal construction on the provisions relating to the requirements for recognition of "aided" schools. He offered a "sliding scale" under which the financial guarantees required from the Denominations would be scaled down to 50 per cent., or less, of the full requirement in the case of schools unlikely to be constructed within the next two years.

The Minister announced a fall in the costs of building, mainly as a result of the revision of requirements without any real lowering of quality. He further pointed out that the much publicised "cuts" in the school-building programme had not really been cuts at all, but only realistic scaling down of inflated estimates to a level nearer what could actually be built. It remains true that the rate of building will have to be greatly speeded up if the required number of new places is to be ready by 1953, and if the expected increase in the number of teachers is to be matched by enough class-rooms to allow swollen classes to be brought down to manageable size. On the question of salaries he announced the acceptance of Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve as the new chairman of the Burnham Committee, and held out hope that it would get to work at once.

The Movie Habit

The cinema may well be the modern opium of the masses: it has certainly, in many homes, taken the place of the laudanum with which children were doped in early industrial slums. In the official report on Children and the Cinema, published last week, it is made clear that the number of children who are regular movie-

goers is steadily increasing and that the present regulations under which they are admitted now need revision. But it is easier to state the need than to meet it. Should we revise the rules for the children's matinées, and exclude unaccompanied children under twelve after eight o'clock? On paper, it seems an admirable idea. But the fact remains that a high incidence of film-going is a function of urban and especially working-class life. Are parents to leave their children at home untended if they cannot afford or arrange to have baby-sitters? To state the problem this way is to realise that it is as much a question of the parents' cinema habits as of the childrens'.

Suppose we re-classify films, creating a special "X" or horror category, from which children are rigidly excluded? That meets one small problem. The larger one—the social influence of the cinema—cannot be answered by tinkering with regulations. Our children and adolescents pour into the cinemas in increasing numbers, and go more frequently. More can be done to encourage the cinema clubs and to ensure that the films shown at special Saturday or matinée performances are suitable. But while we have slums, dead-end jobs, and dreary lives, the fantasy-world of the films will have an irresistible appeal, especially to the adolescent mind. It is little use to talk about youth-clubs and hobbies as alternatives. They have nothing like the same appeal. While our social system is what it is, there will be people who crave for the opium it provides.

Mr. Deakin Objects

Mr. Deakin is doubtless correct in regarding the repeated stoppages in the London docks as part of the general Communist campaign to exploit local grievances and to upset American deliveries, particularly of arms material. What is not clear is why this should cause him to object to the Government's declared intention to hold a comprehensive inquiry into the issues involved. Presumably, his attitude is influenced in part by his determination to uphold the Dock Labour Scheme and the decasualisation which it has brought about. But no one questions the virtues of decasualisation: the only question at issue in relation to the scheme is whether enough attention has been paid in working it to the preservation of regular gangs and to the specialisation of particular kinds of labour. Partly, Mr. Deakin's attitude may be prompted by dislike of the idea of any outside body looking into the affairs of the Transport and General Workers' Union. But trade unions cannot assume wide powers, as the T. and G.W. have done, without incurring responsibilities to the public as well as to their members; and, for whatever reasons, the existing situation in London's dockland is undoubtedly too unsatisfactory to be left unexplored, unless indeed Mr. Deakin can hold out a real prospect of the union being able to clear it up without anyone else's aid. Of this, he does not seem to have offered any hope.

Scott of Africa

No single man during the last few years has done more than Michael Scott to bring the plight of the native peoples of Southern Africa to the attention of liberal people in the Western world. His personal appearance before the Fourth Committee of the United Nations last November was a triumph for dogged persistence, integrity, and decent thinking. He spoke for the tribes of South-West Africa who now face—unless the United Nations intervenes—engulfment in the racial discrimination which the Nationalists have enacted for South Africa, and are at present determined to strengthen. This is the issue, essentially, of which the Bechuana chief, Seretse Khama, has become a personal symbol.

After Scott's presentation of the South-West African case, the United Nations decided to ask the International Court for advice on the status of the territory. Is it still a mandated territory as it was under the League? If not, what is it and who can decide its fate? The Court is expected to consider the matter this month. Very appropriately, then, comes *Shadow Over Africa* (1s.) to be published next week (May 19) by the Union of Democratic Control. It is a succinct statement of the case written by Scott himself, with an introduction by Mr. Tom Driberg, M.P. Scott traces the history of the Herero and other peoples of South-West Africa from their subjection to the Germans through their transfer to South Africa under the League of Nations. He writes movingly of his own meetings with Frederick Mahereru and other chiefs, and—what perhaps matters most—relates their situation to that of the native peoples already suffering from fully fledged *Apartheid* at the hands of Dr. Malan and his colleagues. As an introduction to the subject, this account will not easily be bettered.

Elections in Turkey

A Turkish correspondent writes:—A new National Assembly will be elected in Turkey this Sunday under a revised electoral law and under conditions which promise—at any rate in the cities and larger towns—greater freedom for the voter than in the notoriously faked elections of 1946. As a suppliant for indefinite American aid, President Ineunu has recently imported a little "democracy" into his dictatorship: the press has been allowed to voice some criticisms of the regime, and the Opposition has even been given access to the Government-controlled radio. Warned by some of his Generals that he must not count on unqualified support from the Army against the people, the President has done something to curb police excesses, although the system of secret trials has not ceased and the Milli Emniyet (secret police) remains a State within the State.

Of the result of the elections, there can be little doubt: Ineunu's Republican Party will once again secure a decisive majority. Apart from the fact that 75 per cent of the electorate are illiterate and opposition to the regime in remote Anatolian villages is completely unorganised, the so-called Opposition parties are sadly ineffective. The Democrats, led by Djelal Bayar, represent a sprinkling of dissatisfied merchants and landowners, and have probably lost ground since 1946 through compromising with the Government when an amenable official Opposition had to be paraded in order to impress Mr. Truman. The remaining party, so-called the Party of the Nation, under the leadership of Hikmet Bayour, is a splinter group which broke away from the Democrats in a feud between bourgeois cliques.

PARLIAMENT: Burma Loan

Wednesday.

Mr. Whiteley issued a three-line summons for Tuesday's debate on the Commonwealth's Burma Loan. Remembering that Churchill and 113 Tories, not including Butler and Brigadier Low, had voted against recognising Burmese independence in 1947, he must also have heard the rumour that Churchill was threatening to speak and vote against this loan, even if he was the only Member to do so.

Both Attlee and Churchill were present when Younger, in the best Wykehamist style, opened the debate; but Churchill slipped out for a while. He returned to hear Butler's attempt to pour faint damns on the loan—in the meanest manner, as Paton said. While Younger appropriately welcomed Thakin Nu to London, Butler irrelevantly welcomed Acheson and cast a blessing on his policy towards Bao Dai. Agreeing, of course, with the object of "containing" Communism, he nevertheless rubbed over every sore in Anglo-Burmese relations, from the Karens to compensation. He shed a tear for the taxpayer too. But it was a difficult part to play, for Mr. Butler was aware that Australia was a party to this project and Mr. Spender is no Socialist.

It isn't easy to do a phoney Jekyll-and-Hyde act with Woolton gazing from the Gallery and the Chief Whips ferrying notes across the floor. Three notes passed between Churchill and Attlee during Butler's speech, and backbenchers were straining their eyes to discern the script. By the time Butler ended, the position was clear: neither Churchill nor Attlee was going to speak.

However, as an experienced parliamentarian, Churchill had the premonition that somebody would give him the excuse to intervene. So he was ready for Wyatt with a crack about Cripps' desire to liquidate the Empire and a swipe at Labour about Indian bloodshed. But Wyatt, passionate about Labour's wisdom in India, was also ready with a retort about France's Churchillian policy in Viet-Nam.

Mr. E. B. Wakefield, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, showed what a price Butler had to pay for Churchill's withdrawal. Pleading for Promethean patience with men new to power, he not merely approved the loan but emphasised that any nagging at the Burmese was inappropriate at this stage. His forthright expression of the new Tory realism produced some jubilation among Labour Members and made Gammans' wishful diagnosis of chaos and collapse in independent Burma sound peevish and sneering.

The Commons have been discussing comparative rewards in a series of debates. While Labour Members congratulated themselves on successful agitation for new National Assistance scales, Tories tried to draw attention to the low pay of Judges on a Bill to increase their number. Members on both sides expressed sympathy with the teachers as well as with denominational requests for higher grants of public money. The Radio Doctor has pleaded for increases for school dentists, while others, noted for attacks on public expenditure, have said that the terms of compensation in the electricity industry were inadequate.

Brockway's resolution about underpaid workers was squeezed out on Private Members' Day but he managed to raise it at short notice on Monday. The discussion drew a curious reply from Mr. Isaacs, who appeared quite satisfied to leave everything to collective bargaining and the spirit of wage restraint, and to disregard the implications of Cripps' statements on wage policy. More joint consultation in the Cabinet seems to be indicated.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Towards a Wages Policy

WHAT will replace the wage freeze? Even if a national wages and profits policy must become the long-term Socialist objective, this provides no solution to the immediate problem. Nor is it any good to talk vaguely about the needs of "lower-paid workers." What we require is a planned wage restraint designed to make possible a reconstruction of the whole antiquated wages structure.

Last week we enumerated the first steps towards such a plan. They were, briefly, the acceptance of a national minimum wage, applicable throughout industry; the readjustment of differentials for skill in the case of skilled men earning only an inadequate excess over the minimum; the formulation of certain broad rules about the relations between wages and salaries and the wider problem of differentials for skilled manual work; and, last but not least, an agreement between the Government and the parties in industry about the total size of the wages and profits bill, with proper provision for elasticity in relation to rising production. In a letter which we publish this week, Mr. George Darling, M.P., puts forward a plan differing somewhat from ours, in that he advocates a priority in time for the claims of the lowest-paid workers, and argues that the Government should direct arbitration tribunals to observe this priority and to deal with other claims in accordance with their "contribution to a rationalisation of the wages structure in each industry."

This raises a very important question concerning the function of arbitration in the wages structure. The Prime Minister, in his reply to the Civil Servants' claim, has repudiated the view that it is for the Government to issue any instructions to the tribunals which it sets up to adjudicate upon wage demands. The Government, he says in effect, lays down what it regards as a necessary wage-policy in general terms, but has no power to bind the National Arbitration Tribunal or any of the other bodies concerned: it can only influence their attitude, without in any way telling them what award to make in any particular case. Theoretically, Mr. Attlee is doubtless right. Arbitration, in its existing form, is a substitute for the strike or lock-out, and a part of the machinery of collective bargaining. There is not behind it, as there is behind the Commonwealth Arbitration Court in Australia, any declared policy either of giving legal force to a minimum standard of living or of assessing—between, as well as within, particular industries—the differentials to be allowed for skill or responsibility. Our arbitration tribunals are meant to arrive, as nearly as they can, at the decisions that would be reached if the parties were free to strike or to lock out. This is not quite true of the Civil Service Arbitration Tribunal, which is a substitute for the old system of settling wages and salaries by Parliamentary inquiry; but it is, broadly, the theory in other cases. It cannot, however, be the practice; for as soon as the Government adopted the policy of "wage-restraint," the arbitrators were forced to take account of it, and were tied more and more closely as the policy itself became more stringent.

Mr. Darling's proposal not only involves recognising in theory what is already happening in practice; it goes much further, by making the tribunals subject to positive policy directives. It would totally change the nature of our arbitration system, which has hitherto been kept carefully apart from the machinery for fixing *minimum* wages in the trades where they exist—whereas the Australian system combines the two. This does not mean that Mr. Darling is wrong; but it would take a great deal of persuasion to get the trade unions (or the employers) to agree to it; and trade union agreement would be quite out of the question except on a basis of prior agreement about the distribution of the national income.

Secondly, we do not believe that it is practicable to give absolute priority to the claim for a national minimum. This would leave on the doorstep for an uncertain time to come—for how much would the granting of a satisfactory minimum leave available to meet other claims at once?—not only the teachers, the Civil Servants and other hard-pressed groups of salary-earners, but also a good number of skilled time-workers, who have seen their differentials melt away while less skilled piece-workers or bonus-earners have been shooting ahead. Some immediate concession must be made to these groups as well. Moreover, it has to be carefully considered whether a national minimum is to mean a minimum *rate* or a guarantee of a minimum *level of earnings*. If the former, it will react on a host of piece-work earnings well above the minimum, and will cost a great deal. If the latter, it may mean in effect that a number of workers will stop working overtime or lower their pace of work.

Thirdly, there is the question whether tribunals can, in the short run, assess claims "in accordance with their contribution to a rationalisation of the wage structure." Such rationalisation, even within an industry, is an exceedingly complicated matter, as the cotton operatives, the miners and the engineering workers, among others, have already found. It is indeed essentially a long-term problem, the solution of which cannot be rushed—least of all when there is so little elasticity in the total size of the "wages fund."

Our conclusion is that the first step must be for the Government to remove all obstacles in the way of applications for a scaling up of the lowest wage-rates and of the salary-rates of groups, such as the lower-paid teachers and Civil Servants, which have unanswerable claims. At the same time it must allow moderate increases to be given to skilled time-workers whose differentials in terms of earnings are exceptionally small. The second step should be to seek agreement about the total size of the "wages and salaries fund," with provision for regular reassessment in relation to other parts of the national income and to the total available. The third step should be to extend the legal minimum wage system to cover all occupations. The fourth should be to argue out with the trade unions and the employers the need for a new conception of the functions of arbitration tribunals; and the fifth should be to use the new machinery to promote, both within and between industries, a rationalisation of the wages structure. An attempt to do all these things at once would only end in achieving none of them: the problem must be tackled in stages. But the non-interventionism proclaimed in Parliament by Mr. George Isaacs on Monday cannot be the Government's last word.

Lessons of Lost Lands

FROM a hill above Carthage, towards the sunset, one can see the shadows of the past. The rays slanting across the landscape trace the neat geometrical squares of the Roman fields of two thousand years ago. For the purposes of my Unesco mission to see what is being done and can be done about reclamation of the desert, these sun-etchings were more significant than the broken columns and ravished splendours of Carthage at my feet. They were "Exhibit A" in the wealth of evidence, from Algiers to Persia, of the Lost Lands which once supported prosperous civilisations—and could do so again.

In the barren hinterland of Tunisia, I saw the remains of the fortified farmhouses, ancient bastions of cultivation against the inroads of the desert and its marauders. Within their perimeters, one finds the remains of olive-and wine-presses, of granaries, of wells and cisterns which functioned in Roman and Byzantine times and are now buried in the dust of the soil they once supported. The desert has advanced far within these outer defences. It is, however, possible to calculate, as the Tunisian experts did for me, how many people would have been required to maintain in cultivation the fields and groves within the perimeter. There is no doubt that the population of what is now Tunisia was at least twice what it is to-day. "At least," because seven million would have been needed, in the fourth century, to till the land and keep going the irrigation systems. That does not include the non-farming population, which must have been considerable.

The story of Carthage is a cautionary tale, the moral of which applies to many other dust-buried civilisations and should not be lost upon our own. After the military might of Carthage was destroyed in the Second Punic War, and the city was "pastoralised," the Carthaginians, deprived of their sea-trade, turned inland and developed the hinterland with a success which was their undoing. When Cato, the Censor, screamed before the Senate of Rome, "*Delenda est Carthago*," he waved not a sword but a bunch of figs. Agricultural Carthage had become an economic threat to the landowners of Italy.. It was a case of "They who live by the plough, shall be destroyed by the plough." Having, how-

ever, driven the plough through the ruins of Carthage, the Romans re-created its agricultural system, and both they and the Greeks, who were developing Cyrene and the Barce farther East, turned North Africa, in areas now desert, into a granary and a grove by using Carthaginian agricultural textbooks.

For over 700 years, despite recurring violence, the whole of North Africa from the Atlas to the Nile was a richly productive area, of which the great cities like Sabbratha, Leptis Magna, Cyrene and Apollonia, even in their ruins, bear eloquent evidence. It was not just coastal cultivation but farming in depth, well inland in areas we tend to accept as intractable desert; nor is it an excuse to say: "But the rainfall must have been higher in these parts then." The remains of wells (which have only to be cleaned out to make them useful even to-day), of underground cisterns (to which the same applies), of diversion dams on the *wadhis* and of moisture-holding terraces show that the ancients applied their ingenuity to conditions at least comparable with those of to-day.

The decay began with the overthrow of the Byzantine system. Gregory, the Patrician of Carthage and Governor of Africa, decided that the Emperor in Constantinople was far enough away for him to proclaim himself sovereign. As a matter of discretion he withdrew inland to Sbeitla (Sufetla), relying on the support of the Berbers who, however, revolted and killed him. They in turn were overcome in the next 40 years by the forces of Islam, sweeping westward in the conquests that were to carry them into Spain.

Gregory's Sbeitla, south of Kirouan, the Holy City of 500 mosques, which the Arabs established as their capital, is the epitome of a tragedy in which the desert conquered Man. Its ruins are as eloquent as Pompeii. There one can see splendid villas with patios, fishpools and baths, but without a door or outer windows. They were entered by ladders which could be withdrawn; and above the living rooms were storehouses and granaries to hold enough food to withstand a seige. Each house was a fortress. Far across the present wastelands were the fortified farmhouses; but these, in the last days of Sbeitla, had been abandoned: the cultivation of the fields was furtive and sporadic, and the farmers had retreated on the town to be safe from the warrior nomads. The nomads then, as in the time of Cain and Abel and as now, regarded tiller as enemy. The desert marched in.

One can see the process at work to-day in Tripolitania. The Italians created their farm colonies for the wrong motives, but with the right methods. Each settlement is based on a well-designed and self-contained centre, —miniature Sbeitlas—and the holdings, with their artesian water and irrigation systems, extend in a circle into the desert which they reclaimed and held at bay by windbreaks, dune-fixation and active cultivation. Under British administration in Tripolitania (unlike Cyrenaica) the Italian colonists have remained, more or less undisturbed; but the uneasy farmers on the circumference are abandoning their holdings and retreating. The desert will march in again. In Cyrenaica, where the Italians abandoned their settlements and where the Arabs are essentially desert tribes, the process could be even more rapid.

All through North Africa, from Algeria to the Egyptian desert, and in the Middle East, one finds abundant proofs how thoroughly the ancients tackled the desert problem—by methods upon which modern ingenuity will find it difficult to improve. There are thousands of Roman water-works waiting to be identified and cleared. Two hundred have been tackled already in Tripolitania. East of El Alamein, at Burg el Arab, I went down into the magnificent underground shelter which was constructed by modern engineers as Eighth Army operational headquarters in the desert. Then I walked half a mile across the sands to look at a cistern, two thousand years old. With my suburban ideas, I expected a kind of underground tank; instead, I found a system of man-made caverns, more impressive even than the achievement of the Royal Engineers. The caverns were linked by galleries and inlets, draining the run-off from the low hills around. Water could be stored here for two years, against failure of seasonal rains which give only about 4 inches average a year. In the Negev, in Israel, I went down into a similar cistern.

These are typical of many more, large and small, which I saw. Indeed, completely inexpert, I became by observation quite competent at guessing from the contours of the hills where a cistern existed or could be found. The Roman device was deliberately to erode the tops of hills and use them, like house-roofs, as the run-off into gutters, or channels or underground courses which would flow into a natural cup in the contours, where the rock formations would lend themselves to the excavation of a cistern. They used much the same device for exploiting *wadhi* cultivation. These early hydraulic engineers would organise the run-off into controlled *wadhi* beds, where they would construct, not storage dams, but diversion dams. Storage dams, as those who build great barrages in areas of rapid erosion have discovered to their cost, silt up. The ancients (and the Arabs followed them, and modern experts are applying the lesson) built shallow dams or weirs, to brake the onrush of the spate and spread it by channels or just by flushing over wide areas for irrigation. The weirs might silt up; but, then, they would divert the diversion, and be left with a rich field where the dam was.

There *is*, however, one axiom to be learned. Men can interfere with nature and still come to terms with it, but they have got to go on interfering: any respite, and the artificial measures they have taken will hasten the reaction. In Mesopotamia, for instance, the gravitational canal systems were repeatedly abandoned when hand-dredging became too hard; and in times of war and upheaval, care-and-maintenance was interrupted. The rivers by default were diverted and spread into marshes; the marshes bred mosquitoes and malaria. Disease-ridden cultivators could maintain neither the fields nor the irrigation systems. The mosquito, not the Mongols, conquered Babylon.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

You needn't be a statue to rest on a plinth.' I discovered that at the Westminster Hospital the other day, when I dashed across from the House in between Questions 29 and 63 to have heat-treatment for a strained muscle. Face downwards on the couch, or plinth as it is technically called, I listened, imprisoned by two electrodes, to a twenty-minute account from the physiotherapist of her last Young Tory meeting.

Not that the Westminster has any political bias. As the front-line casualty clearing station of Parliament, it takes 'em as they come —Tories, Socialists and Liberals. Unlike the Manor Hospital, where most Labour invalids find their way, it is part of the National Health Service. But in curing fibrositis, it encourages megalomania. Adequately physiotherapised in time for the dead-heat division, I looked at the Government Front Bench and thought, "There but for me sits the Opposition."

The watching-and-waiting Parliamentary game takes up a lot of time that M.P.s in the past used to spend more usefully in supplementary occupations. One Member, a trade union official, complained that this was the first time that he had been unemployed since 1926. But we are rapidly getting toughened against the strain of photo-finishes in the Lobbies! The Member who shouted "So what?" after the last dead-heat expressed the mood of defiance among Government supporters. *The Times* translated this sturdy *Zut!* into a genteel, "What now?"

* * *

I realised at a Labour Party May Day Rally one reason why in so many places the Tories and not the Socialists are attracting the young men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty. This year, the local Party had decided that processions were old-fashioned. Instead, they held a Sunday morning meeting for a few hundred faithful supporters in the penumbra of a vaulted cinema. It was a glum occasion. Not one Red Flag, not a toot from a band, not a single slogan to lift the heart. The banner, the horses with their plaited tails, the hay-wains and the smell of earth—all that was banished, and with it some of the joy of Labour's struggle.

* * *

"Unlike the Young Tories, our League of Youth is not a social organisation, but one for serious study," said the recent prospectus of a country Labour Party. Could words be better designed to repel a girl or boy who seeks comradeship in the Labour Movement? The Labour Party in its mid-centenary year ought to brush up its appeal. If the hay-wain is out of date, let us have a new but equally bright platform for Socialism's message. Let the League of Youth give an alternative to Young Tory entertainment, more inspiring than occasional Olde Tyme Dances. We must fight the next election with slogans that mean something—not the vapid "Let Us Win Through Together," or "Labour Believes In Britain" (So what?) but challenging slogans which fit the mood of our times.

Sir John Black, turning the other cheek, has forwarded to me a fascinating proposal by a high ex-Indian Railway official for saving thirty million pounds in the costs of British Railways. It's so simple that most laymen will think it absurd. But any factory-manager who has ever increased production by putting his machines in a rational order, will think the scheme well worth looking at. Here it is.

On the Indian Railways, the author of the plan was able to double efficiency in wagon-miles by halving the detention of wagons at marshalling yards and loading and unloading points. (Do you remember all the empty trucks you've seen littering the sidings and junctions?) Well, if the annual cost of a wagon's interest, maintenance and depreciation is taken at £55, and British Railways could double their efficiency in wagon-utilisation, there would be a saving of 550,000 wagons, or over thirty million pounds a year. Obviously a scheme like this would require the co-operation of the railwaymen. But what a magnificient task for a nationalised industry! What vistas it opens up! Lower freights, higher wages, a statue to Sir John at Swindon and a short bill introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer voting him a tax-free bonus and three years' retrospective relief from taxation! Anyway, I've sent the plan to the Minister of Transport.

* * *

Ths Mayor of Deauville, who was over here recently, is an energetic Anglophile, eager to recapture the days when a *Tatler* photographer couldn't swing a camera at the Casino without hitting a peer or a breweress. This year, to give a new *éclat* to the Season, he has billed—rather in anticipation of events—a Grand Tennis Match between twenty British M.P.s and twenty French deputies. Not since the Mayor of Paris banned women's wrestling matches has there been so much municipal excitement about a sporting event. But the tennis match must be postponed, and the Deauville posters cancelled. The Whips would regard a mass-pairing of this kind as somewhat frivolous in mid-session.

* * *

Where sport is mixed with politics there is always the danger that an umpire's decision or a hacked shin may cause an international incident. But the French have always shown the greatest cordiality to visiting British sportsmen. When I lectured at Le Mans two years ago on how Parliament works, my hosts were less interested in Black Rod than in British racing motorists. And when I lectured in Bordeaux, the Mayor, General Chaban-Delmas, himself a Rugby player, seemed filmy-eyed when I spoke about M. Bidault, but livened up a lot when I mentioned Coventry's captain, Ivor Preece. Mind you, a defeated Rugby team doesn't have to account to its native city. But what can a politician reply if on the hustings he is asked, "Is it not the case that last year at Deauville you were beaten 6-0, 6-1, 6-0?"

* * *

Considering how close France is to Great Britain, it's remarkable how little we have influenced each other's habits or tastes. The Americans are much brasher about exporting their way of life. Their attitude is that if the foreigners think they don't like Coca-Cola, they'd better think again. Listen to Mr. Preston, Congressman of the State of Georgia, speaking in Congress on March 28, 1950.

> As representative of the State of Georgia, the land of Coca-Cola, I protest against the decision of the French Chamber of Deputies. . . . It's an insult to our people. If the French go on as they are, we will have to take reprisals and stop buying their wines, perfumes and champagnes. The charges against the Coca-Cola companies are ridiculous. Coca-Cola is the most healthy drink. Doctors prescribe it for infants in arms. . . . It is an exceptionally good cure for colic. The French will have a more stable population if they regularly drink Coca-Cola. I am of the opinion that the drink will do a lot of good to the French, for it will give them something they've been lacking since the war—a good *belch!*

Mr. Preston, though pontifical about the French, has obviously not been keeping his ear to the ground.

MAURICE EDELMAN

LONDON CONFERENCE

"Great Britain has handed on the torch to America . . . the most powerful nation in the world."—Lord Montgomery.

Where is the torch of Liberty Britannia used to wave,
The terror of the tyrant and the beacon of the slave?
America is brandishing the torch Great Britain gave,
The torch is handed on.

The torch becomes the trophy in the Powers' relay race,
The weaker nations enter but the strongest sets the pace,
Britannia keeps on going but she drops to second place,
So the torch is handed on.

The simple-minded citizen has oftentimes been told
The torch would pass to Uno when Britannia loosed her hold—
But America has snatched the brand that Britain lit of old,
So the torch was handed on.

The Charter of the Nations that is lodged at Lake Success
Incorporates the instruments of peaceable redress,
America prepares for peace by warlike readiness
And the torch was handed on.

Now North Atlantic Treaty Powers are arming for the fight,
The torch becomes a symbol of their democratic might;
Great Britain seldom used the flame for setting things alight,
But the torch is handed on.

Britannia may regret it is no longer in her care,
The torch in other hands is an inflammable affair,
But still she has to follow the torch she does not bear,
For the torch is handed on.

Britannia is the target if the West's defences crack,
But she has nothing left to wave except the Union Jack—
The torch that once is given up is never handed back,
And her torch was handed on.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the First entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

His own experience had been that war tended to make those who really took part in it more considerate, tolerant, and thoughtful towards their neighbours.—Speech reported in *The Times*. (E. S. D. Medlicott.)

"There is nothing in my estimation that will ever compare with fox hunting as a pastime," said Col. Cubitt. "If I had my own way I would hunt seven days a week. I maintain that all time is wasted that is not spent in hunting."—*West Sussex County Times*. (J. B. Cooper.)

£25 reward will be paid to finder of French Poodle; easy to recognise by ruby ear-rings.—Advt. in *Woking Herald*. (D. B. Price.)

Judge Clothier said in the Divorce Court to-day that a wife who demanded that her husband, on coming home from work each day should kiss first her, then her sister, and then the cat had adopted a very unreasonable attitude.—*The Evening News*. (Marion C. Leigh.)

Next week, the Adelphi Guild Theatre, paying its first visit to Stockport, presents a classic murder story, recently filmed by Orson Welles—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.—*Stockport Advertiser*. (R. Morgan.)

The Story of Opencast

THE history of opencast coal mining in this country is a short one; nor will it be much prolonged. The first opencast sites were dug in 1941, when the demands of war caused panic among those who had allowed many of our deep mines to become technically obsolete and our miners to disappear, first into the dole queues and then into the Army. This year, both the number of sites and the amount of coal to be extracted begin to lessen. By 1956 it will all be over. The farming community accepted the need for opencast, caused by the war and the post-war fuel crisis, only grudgingly, and would greet any extension of the programme with an outcry. And, in any case, geologists think that we are near exhausting the reserves of coal close to the surface and suitable for opencast extraction. It is rare for a major industrial undertaking to rise and fall within fifteen years; but that is the nature of opencast. Even in the United States, where a quarter of the enormous coal output is won by opencast methods, a decline is in sight.

When the mineowners, early in the war, were invited to undertake opencast mining, they declined with few thanks. Their first reason was what they primly called the "uncertain economic future" of opencast. Their second was that it is a civil engineering rather than a mining process. They were right on both counts. In the first years, the losses incurred by the Ministry (first of Works, later of Fuel and Power) were considerable. As late as 1945-6 they amounted to £7,000,000, or 17*s.* 8*d.* a ton. This loss was brought down year by year and now the industry breaks even.

However, even if future years show a profit, the fifteen-year balance is not likely to be on the right side.

It is also true that opencast is an engineering job. The phrase "opencast mining" is familiar to the public, but technicians speak of "coal-getting." The work is entrusted (by competitive tender) to a firm of public works contractors, whose other undertakings may include quarrying, road-making, or clearing scrub to grow groundnuts. The workers are not considered as miners—though quite a number are former miners who have "gone up top" for reasons of health—and belong to the general unions, not the N.U.M. The great majority—all save a few labourers who sweep up waste coal and the like—are skilled men driving valuable machines. Earnings vary widely, between £8 for the driver of a lorry or bulldozer in a poor week, and £25 for the man in charge of a very complicated machine earning the maximum bonus. These sums must be balanced against heavy fares, canteen meals, and, for those who do not live locally, lodgings and holiday travel to homes all over the British Isles.

An opencast site is an impressive spectacle. Here, an excavator is making a fresh cut; methodical and solemn, the great bucket, into which you could drive a car, dips to the ground, fills with rock or clay ("overburden"), swings at the end of its skeletal arm, and adds its load to a growing heap, or else tips it into a cut from which the coal has been extracted and thus contributes at once to excavation and restoration. There, the component parts of a new excavator have arrived, either from another site or from America, where it is made; they lie strewn over half an acre of land while engineers plan the assembly. Now the cut which is actually being worked: you stand at the rim of a canyon 150 feet deep, and count on the opposite wall the seams laid bare as in a diagram. Half a dozen coal-cutting machines, painted bright green, are at work. Edging forward and back on tank-style tracks, turning first to the coal-face and then away, waving their arms to and fro just out of time with one another, collecting handfuls of coal and dropping them in lorries which scuttle busily away—these apparently intelligent machines (for no men are visible) remind you of overgrown grasshoppers, divested of their fabled shiftlessness and industrious with the intense, unthinking, frightening hustle of the insect.

If the site is a large one, the coal is screened there. The lorries tip it into the end of a steeply rising conveyor belt. At the top, it is separated by iron meshes into lumps of various sizes. These pass slowly by four burly, impassive men, who, with an air of being quite prepared to undertake any kind of screening and distinguish firmly between resisters and collaborators, fling the lumps of dirt and slate contemptuously aside. The screened coal falls through a trap into the tip of another lorry and is taken to the railhead. By the other boundary, a cut has been filled in and a bulldozer is levelling the land to make it fit for farming once more. A hissing pump draws off the water; some men are erecting a fence, others mixing concrete for a roadway.

At Ewart Hill, in Northumberland, the biggest site of all, is the biggest excavator of all. It is American-made, and the only one in Europe. I could not find out who had given it the perfect name of the Beast. The first you know of it is the sight, as you walk along a wide shelf of land, of long gashes in the soil. Twenty yards away is a parallel line of gashes. "The Beast has walked here," the Production Engineer says coldly. And the Beast does walk, not move on tracks or rollers. When stationary, it rests on a round platform, and its feet—steel things like flat, blunt boats—are raised in the air. But they can be lowered to the ground and the platform raised till only its trailing edge, the Beast's tail, touches earth; and then, with a ponderous and thundering waddle, the Beast walks.

You reach the engine-room, over the platform, by climbing five steep stairways. It contains seven generators and innumerable smaller mechanisms and gears. It is the size of a ballroom, or one of London's "members only" theatres. Here you find three mechanics, who are there for maintenance and in case of a breakdown. In his cabin is the only man continuously at work, and who can use or wreck this £250,000 machine—a pleasant, modest young man, who effects all the operations of the giant excavator with two hand controls and two foot pedals.

The bucket carries thirty tons of "overburden." When it moves, the whole superstructure moves, too. The landscape whirls past the engine-room window. It is as if you had ascended to the first floor of the Eiffel Tower (you are not that high up in relation to the base of the Beast, of course, but you may be in relation to the nearby canyon which provides the view), and the whole thing began to move round.

I have dwelt on this giant machine, a landmark for a dozen villages, for two reasons. It typifies the atmosphere in the opencast sites: skilled men, without wasteful toil or hindrance, are getting on with a job they have mastered and whose value is obvious. Then, it highlights the extreme economy of labour that can be achieved when coal is won by opencast methods and not in the mines. At one typical Yorkshire site, I saw 90 men extracting 5,000 tons of coal a week. In fact, the opencast production of 12,000,000 tons a year—6 per cent. of our coal output—is won by 13,000 workers. There are 700,000 deep miners. The very high productivity in the American coal industry is due to the extensive use of opencast as much as to superior mechanisation in deep mines.

This opencast coal—won at financial loss, but cheaply in manpower, and above all without sudden death or creeping disease—stood, during the critical war and post-war years, between British industry and breakdown. There is another column in the ledger—loss of food production and damage to land. This, with the contentious issue of restoration, I shall discuss next week. But, should all the objections to opencast mining be proven, they cannot detract from the service it has rendered.

MERVYN JONES

(To be concluded)

Canadian Caesar

(By a Correspondent)

"THERE are astonishing miseries. Such misery exists perhaps to permit the charitable to deserve eternal recompense." That isn't Buddha speaking, nor yet St. Augustine. It's Maurice Duplessis, Premier of Canada's largest province, with a $200,000,000 budget, four million people, enormous resources in minerals, waterpower and land. He is explaining to the Legislative Assembly why he opposes raising wages in the forestry nurseries. A bachelor of sixty, Premier Duplessis is a man of terrific energy. No one is left in any doubt about who bosses the province. Anyone who wants a concession is told, "See Maurice." In the session just closed he has put through laws as if he were running a log drive, spurning a hesitant Minister with "*Assis-toi*," cutting off debate with a sharp, "With a good government, no need of opposition." He gives press conferences, he makes speeches, telling the retail merchants to make the newspapers stop being the accomplices of Communism and disorder. He rebukes Liberal members for their choice of a new leader, and lectures the head of the Catholic Syndicates: "I don't take my models from the Social Creditists, but from the Gospel. In that great book you will find the truths that never change. I respect other premiers, but Christ and the Gospel still come first."

Mr. Duplessis loves to recall his childhood in Trois Rivières, where he grew up, the only son of a provincial judge and his Scottish wife. All Quebec has heard about the tinsmith who used to repair the family stove, and died worth $75,000, due to that thrift now so lacking in our labouring classes. There was never any doubt as to Maurice's ambitions. In law school he declared his intention to become Premier. A member of the Assembly by 1935, he was organising to bring down the decrepit Liberal regime. Gathering under the name of National Union the remnants of the Tories, some practical men from all parties, a group of Liberal Left-wing rebels and some clerical nationalists, he stumped Quebec shouting about autonomy, Liberal subservience to Ottawa, and the peril of Communism.

The formula worked out, and Duplessis had a taste of power. His period in opposition might have been longer if the Liberals had realised that their support comes from industrial labour, and had had the gumption to pass a redistribution Act. But they did nothing to change a state of affairs in which Gaspé Nord, with 5,000 voters, and Jeanne Mance, a Montreal district with 35,000 electors, each sends one Member to the Assembly.

When he came back to office, in 1944, Mr. Duplessis hamstrung the cities ingeniously by a Bill which denies the franchise to a man who has moved within two years. (Farmers don't move; city folks do.) He coddled the farmer, making oleomargarine illegal, refusing to make farm wagons carry lights at night, keeping the 5 per cent. sales tax that bears hardest on the towns. (The farmer doesn't care if toothbrushes are taxed as luxuries.) National Union pushed rural roads and electrification, though with a high cost of administration. In 1948,

its popular vote was 1 per cent. but it won 82 out of 92 seats in the Assembly. In that election N.U. spent about $2½ million, the Liberals a million. Candidate after candidate followed their chief in urging cheering crowds, "What do you want, a church, a school, a hospital? Tell us with your votes." Cost of roads was $40,000,000 more than budgeted. The Liberals seemed routed.

Since then, Maurice's power is consolidated year by year. The party machine runs smoothly. Corporations and contractors and the 3,600 holders of liquor licences help out the war-chest. More and more the province is ruled by Commissions appointed by the Premier, dependent on him for their living, and protected against writs by a law, recently passed, which provides that they cannot be sued without permission of the Attorney-General.

Teachers, police, firemen and civic employees are now forbidden to strike; police unions may not affiliate outside their localities; and any union seeking bargaining rights must first be "certified" by the Labour Relations Board. Then it may negotiate; if that fails, a conciliator must be asked for; if he fails, then arbitration must be tried. Only if this fails is a strike legal. The procedure can take years and, even then, a strike is likely to be declared illegal and the provincial police sent in to break the picket line. The labour history of the past six years has been one of constant struggle.

The Film Censorship Board consists of six Catholic laymen appointed by the Premier. It started in 1945; two years later 16 mm. film as well as 35 mm. was put under its jurisdiction. The censors delete whatever smacks of sin or subversion, or is contrary to Catholic *mores*; and now periodicals also come under their control. If one issue of a magazine is found objectionable, news-dealers may not carry future issues until the ban is lifted. The Premier was quoted on the radio as saying that this would enable him to deal with atheistic, bolshevistic propaganda, though the law merely refers to obscene illustrations. Magazines can be seized without warrant, and there is no appeal to the courts. Undesirable meetings are taken care of by a law which allows cities to forbid distribution of circulars without a police permit, except for elections, religious and educational meetings. You can hold a meeting the Government doesn't want if you can find a hall, and if you don't let anybody know about it.

The Premier doesn't hesitate to rebuke priests who speak too loudly about social justice. Father Dion of Laval University was sharply "called down" this winter for remarks about possible American exploitation of French Canadians. With the resignation of Archbishop Charbonneau, the Government has a free hand on the University of Montreal, newly equipped with a Board of Governors to which the Premier will make several appointments. One of the bishops on the Montreal School Commission was told last month to attend to the Commission's proper field, elementary education, and stop making "classical" colleges, in other words, stop giving poor French Canadian youngsters a chance of higher education. If discontent becomes audible, some Communist scare is sure to pop up.

Quebec is not a Fascist State, nor even a dictatorship. Premier Duplessis must convene the Assembly and give a financial report once a year; and he must hold elections once in five years. He can be forced to revoke an Order, as happened in 1945 when he closed the war day nurseries and the dental clinics, but met such an outcry that he had to restore the clinics. He can be stopped, as last year, when he withdrew his proposed Labour Code in face of the united opposition of all three labour federations, the newspapers and the Church's Labour Council. But in another few years? A former Liberal Attorney-General has observed that, by the temperament of its chief, its methods of organisation and propaganda, and finally by the mentality of its followers, National Union already possesses all the characteristics of Europe's authoritarian regimes.

So They Say . . .

IN reporting the widespread May Day demonstrations and clashes with the police in London on Sunday, the press was faced with the usual problems of what to call the people involved. *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Express* and *Daily Mirror* meticulously referred to "demonstrators" or "marchers," with no mention of the word "Communist." The *News Chronicle* mentioned it in passing ("a meeting in [Trafalgar Square] called by London Communists"); the *Daily Herald* had them "chanting Communist slogans" (one of which appeared to be "We want peace!"); the *Daily Graphic* called them "rally mobs" (with an associated story headlined T.U.C. MAN TELLS OF RED PLOT), and the *Daily Telegraph* began its story: "Mounted and foot police clashed with Communists and May Day demonstrators . . ." The *Daily Mail* alone had neither difficulty nor hesitation in identifying the party affiliations of the swarming crowds. Its p.1 banner headline read: REDS BATTLE FOR DOWNING STREET, and its story began: "Hundreds of Communists got through a police barrier into Whitehall last night . . ."

The *Mail* did, however, print the remark of Mr. W. J. Ellerby, Deputy General Secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association, who was acting as observer for the National Council of Civil Liberties, that "some of the police acted reasonably and good temperedly, while others were unreasonably rough." The only other paper to quote Mr. Ellerby was the *Manchester Guardian*, which printed fully his report and descriptions of various incidents involving both foot and mounted police. No newspaper but the *Daily Worker* quoted the strong protest against the official handling of the situation, issued later by the London Trades Council, which had called the meeting in Trafalgar Square.

All Good Pals

Mr. Churchill's denial on Sunday that there was any split in the Tory leadership was dutifully printed by the Conservative newspapers, with emphasis varying from the discreet (the *Daily Mail* buried it at the end of another story) to the defiant (*Daily Graphic*, p. 1: CHURCHILL: NO SPLIT). The *Daily Telegraph*, however, was apparently so pressed for space that it omitted, from Mr. Churchill's four-sentence statement, the most specific disclaimer of all: "In particular, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden have been in the closest accord on every step that was taken, and are actively supported by the Conservative Party."

How to Write a Story

1. INDIRECT APPROACH

The Times, *May* 5:—

Bulawayo.—While a bus was standing at a stopping point between Fort Rosebery and Kasama the African driver, having set down all the passengers, was smoking a cigarette when, hearing a scuffling in the passenger section, he turned to see a lion there. . .

2. DIRECT APPROACH

The Times, *April* 24:—

EAR TORN OFF AT DEAN'S "PEACE" GATHERING.

AUTOLYCUS

Derelict Families

IT's a comforting thought, and I remember having liked it, that crimes against property are not really due to poverty and "underprivilege"; that the play-boys from well-to-do homes and the gentleman-burglars and the fraudulent financiers make up a contribution to the crime figures which is proportionate to the strength of their social class. But on the whole it is not true. A disproportionate majority of the "larceny" prisoners disgorged from the prison-vans into the Old Bailey cells at the opening of each Session are the products of mean streets, squalor, shiftlessness, and stunted minds.

Respectable England has had ten years in which to get over the initial shock of incredulity that sickened it when the "evacuees" from slumdom made their first appearance among nice people. You may have seen them, perhaps, the ones who refused to be evacuated, in the Tube stations during the Blitz? Men, women and children whose very facial structure seemed aboriginal, members, almost, of a different species. Do not imagine that they were aliens or non-Aryans or in some other welcome way excludable from the proud company of Englishmen. Most of them were as English as Mr. Churchill. And when the war was over they went back to their filth and could, mercifully, be forgotten.

Virtually forgotten, accordingly, they still are. Considerable numbers of them, in the words of those who administer the new social services, are "marginal cases." Health and housing services, public assistance, education and child welfare schemes all pass them by, simply and solely because they are too ignorant and feckless to seek the aid to which they are now entitled, too resentful of any inquiry into their sordid lives, and too resolutely sunk in sottish apathy. Then let them rot? But they breed rapidly, they supply a frightening proportion of the men and women of to-morrow.

Society has not, hitherto, been concerned for them until they have broken the law, and then it must choose whether to imprison them or try rehabilitation without imprisonment. Even the most cynical self-interest should support

any effort society could make to rehabilitate them *before* they turn criminal. What *is* the use of prison, with or without flogging, while we go on incubating these morons in our midst, and the baffled social services, having "passed the buck" despairingly among themselves for a time, finally abandon whole families as invincibly stupid, vicious, and inaccessible?

At the beginning of 1942, in Liverpool, a number of young pacifists, "registered unconditionally" as conscientious objectors, found themselves barred from participation in any of the ameliorative services coping with the social problems intensified by war. They got together and formed a "Pacifist Service Unit," concerned to help the bombed-out families officially classified as "unfit for billets," and to ensure if they could, by doing domestic chores and odd jobs which would otherwise have been ignored, that such minimal accommodation as local authorities were bound to provide should not sink to the level of the homes destroyed.

The story of what they did has never been adequately told; but a brief and deeply moving *résumé* was published in November, 1945, under the title *Problem Families—An Experiment in Social Rehabilitation*. Two and a half years earlier the Hygiene Committee of the Women's Group on Social Welfare had published *Our Towns—A Close-Up*, "a window through which English town life was suddenly and vividly seen from a new angle." It dealt with the "evacuees"; it was addressed "to readers with stout stomachs and an appetite for facts, including the unpleasant"; it spared its readers absolutely nothing, and it shocked the country. Who remembers? Together with *Problem Families*, the public conscience has filed it away in the Vicarious Suffering Department, where it fades with Belsen and Auschwitz and the bombing ordeal itself.

Yet, on a tiny though growing scale, the work of rehabilitation goes on. The Pacifist Service Units have become the Family Service Units (Incorporated); distinguished public names grace their letter-headings; the incalculable value of their "marginal" social work is being slowly recognised; and they have established themselves now in Liverpool, Manchester, and now in London (159 Westbourne Grove). Their attitude to the feckless parents they try to help is "No matter what you've done or what people think of you, I'm your friend"; but they shun sentimentality, discourage their protégés' inevitable self-pity, and set themselves out to inculcate the idea of work and self-discipline as the means by which these people may eventually manage their own affairs.

Most of the families they tackle are cases referred to them by the local social services—housing, health, relief, education, child welfare, religious organisations—all of whom, as a rule, are painfully familiar with each case. Regarded as virtually hopeless, resistant to every advance, such cases are brought to the notice of the Family Service Units as a last resource. In some cases the regular social services have even been found to have worked against each other: a Welfare Officer urging a mother to go out and earn money while a Health Visitor is urging her to stay at home and look after the children.

The Unit worker's first hurdle (at which, of course, he sometimes fails completely) is to get himself accepted by the family as someone anxious to help. Thereafter there is manual work to be done: the cleaning-out of a living-cum-bedroom that accommodates a whole family is sometimes a job that must be begun with shovels, and carried out without assistance from the apathetic and incredulous occupants. Verminous walls and bedding, leaking roofs, unglazed windows and rotten floors are attacked in turn. Children whose attendance at school has been desultory (to say the least) are washed, breakfasted sitting down instead of crawling about, and taken to school daily. The Unit workers fetch the family rations, see that the rent is paid regularly out of the family's income and gradually introduce regular budgeting of income and expenditure.

The failures, which are too frequent, leave these extraordinary enthusiasts undaunted. The care of the forsaken aged is perhaps the most difficult:

> The sanitary inspector asked us to help Miss Johnson, who was living in such filth that he would be forced to prosecute her. He warned us that we might not even be admitted. We succeeded in gaining her confidence enough to let us in, and after much putting-off and explaining that she "would do all that was necessary when she had time," she allowed us to start on the kitchen, in which she slept. It had not been cleaned since the blitz, eighteen months before, and there was an inch of soot on the shelves. She herself was black, and must have slept in her clothes for months. She followed us round with complaints, and invented obstacles to everything we did, but we managed to get the house more or less wholesome. After that we were able to obtain fresh clothing and bedding for her, but she never allowed the cleaning to be recommenced.

The work of these young men and women, though they are now being paid a small salary out of subscribed funds, must virtually be its own reward. But, regarded as society's scavengers, they compare to-day with the penal-repressive school of thought as the public health services of to-day compare with the linseed and leeches of the mediaeval surgeons fighting the Black Death.

The Family Service Units bring enlightenment to the derelict families; and, by means of countless odd jobs, they restore the essentials of human habitation to the hovels in which those families have been rotting. While actually doing this work, some Unit members have been imprisoned for refusing to accept direction to other work by the Ministry of Labour. It is time their work was widely supported by all who believe, as I do, that criminality spreads upwards through the classes and generations from these plague-spots of squalid apathy and ineptitude; and time also that it was accorded full recognition by the State whose deficiencies it works to remedy, and whose social services must unavoidably rely on a supposed aptitude in its beneficiaries to grasp the hand held out to them. When the human animal has sunk so low, crime ceases even to be the anti-social form of the struggle for existence. It is struggle without form, without social awareness of any kind, in a climate where conscience cannot take root.

C. H. ROLPH

Madame Tussaud's

THE centenary having gone by with so little fuss I went along off Baker Street to make my own re-valuation of the little old frilled lady in black and her works.

Past the turnstile, encumbered by Dutch students trying to make out the difference between half-crowns and pennies, past the false commissionaire on a landing (but where now the true?), past stair-climbing families and looks of damp repletion on the faces of those coming away, I rose and turned aside into the quiet circulation of the Grand Hall. In my childhood two crowds fought a passage, gently, stubbornly, inch by inch through one another, all the way round. Now the crowd, with a few dissenters, moves one way. It's easier, but adds to the passivity of the place. How little it has all changed! Here on the same Mappin Terrace separated from us by the gulf of fame are the lighted Historic Ministers and British Admirals and Field-Marshals; the House of Windsor is new and, like most new houses, small; a Labour Cabinet sits, while the minor Royalty nearby stand; here is Mr. Churchill Jupiterised, and here many another distinguished, if not instantly recognisable, figure from past and present. The standard of likeness, as of liveliness, is not (it seems to me) very high; but still I move round with the others, caught on a conveyor-belt of flat, greedy anticipation. At least the linen shines, the medals sparkle! And here and there a face catches one's enthusiasm. Who, among the ecclesiasticals, is this? William of Wykeham, it seems. The modeller, having presumably little to go on, has done handsomely. But a little farther on, Marshal Stalin suggests rather Monsewer Eddie Gray faced with a hostile house; and perhaps that is, from applying an eye to the hole in the Iron Curtain, an abiding expression. To have him here, without curtain and within parleying range, is something. A great deal, in fact. To have them all, only a little raised and removed, is the chief lure of this curiously bloodless gallery.

One minor aesthetic thrill the visitor may discover on Floor One is the trio labelled Notable Figures. Every child and adult pauses to watch the too leisurely yet emphatic heave and fall of the bosom belonging to a Sleeping Lady from the Court of Versailles. Unhappy court, fortunate lady to have outslept it all! A spectacled urchin in passing tries to lay a hand on that soft inspiration, and is fiercely reproved.

The other two figures of the Notable Trio are Madame Tussaud herself, and Napoleon: and here for a brief moment we encounter the touch of art and feeling. The tableau of Napoleon dead at St. Helena, with a doctor bending towards him from the foreground, presents us with body and face raised to eye level, and in profile: the beauty and spiritual calm of the well-known features are inescapable. One understands again, and distrusts, the charmed life, the destructive Romantic appeal. Suddenly, too, we realise what is wrong, quite apart from technical skill or lack of it, with the other figures. Painted, deathly, they simulate life. Here is the one dead figure on which wax has bestowed a waxen dignity.

There is nothing, after this, above the tableau level ("When Did You Last See Your Father?" in three dimensions) and the fun of spotting—"There's Vic Duggan!" or "Coo, the bad Lord Byron!" Byron stands looking on, disdainfully, from an outer fringe of the Literary Group: at its centre—quite inevitably one feels—sits Sir James Barrie writing; Hardy and Shaw are allowed seats on either side; Scott intrudes with

a dog carrying a game-bird; and that ninny Shakespeare has been well shouldered out of view. Most of the great writers (Wordsworth, for example, enjoying his own centenary elsewhere) have been shouldered out altogether. For any writer to enter the Tussaud's House of Fame is obviously the most difficult posthumous step of all.

But the sightseers keep moving on in a continuous sluggish trickle, along the way pointed by arrows, in and out of halls, past Kings, Heroes, and Film-Stars, upstairs and then down, down, down to what all the time has been drawing us; cheated everywhere of Life, we descend with a more hurrying fatal step to the Chamber of Horrors. This is what it all naturally leads to: this really is what most of us have come to experience. The dungeon or keep where it is situated warns us first (though only to the eye) with the old Newgate toll-bell; we present ourselves at a ticket-office, which turns out to be a cheat; and having suffered this jolt, we turn left, pay an extra 7d., follow a winding stone passage, and there we are.

It is packed full with the dead and the living. Here are the criminally famous at closer quarters than ever we were allowed to get to Cardinal Newman, the Duchess of Windsor, or Voltaire. We are nearer in a psychological sense also, because this is the only niche in these galleries of fame where any of us would stand the least chance of being ourselves immortal in wax. With these effigies we are on speaking terms; we could touch a curl, set a tie straight; there is indeed in the dim lamplight so strong a fellow-feeling that we may begin to lose our identities. One recoils from the silken glance of a poisoner, to find he's one of ourselves, momentarily struck in contemplation. I catch sight of myself in the mirror: heavens! there are other such tall-foreheaded, grave, perhaps inwardly fantastic gentlemen here—Dr. Buck Ruxton, for example, who one week-end fed his wife to the stove, but would look not out of place among any of the more spiritual groups upstairs. And then, although from a few faces a resolution of cruelty shines darkly, for the most part these stabbers, mincers, and poisoners extend an air of sympathy, of helplessness, as if they had been not the agents but the victims of crime. Alas! Doesn't the same hard circumstance press on us all? Were not they, like ourselves, needing a little more money, a little more love, a little more place in the world, or polish to maintain that place, when fate thrust its unlucky or willing accomplice in their way?

"Good old Crippen!"—quite unaffectedly the remark slips from a cheerful little man in a blazer as we pass. In fact, the pop-eyed, earnest, beetle-like doctor, starting forward in a frock-coat, is ugly and unappealing, but then so for the most part are we; his ugliness makes for warmth, and he had a touch of adventure and romance denied to others. The literal lady-killers are not an attractive lot: Smith, for example, inconspicuously named and with only a few women too many in his life. Here is his bath. Its fame almost supplants his own. It is rather short and steep-sided, and badly needs enamelling. Good God, a few more malevolent Smiths (and Joneses and Robinsons) and we should hesitate to go home to interiors where any common object might be singled out for a sinister glory. The murderer in each of us begins to lose heart: the murderee emerges.

And emerges, it must be admitted, more fascinated, more dangerously rapt, the nearer we approach to the present instant. Here, in the most recent group of all, are Dr. Ruxton (a tribute to his refined looks) seated, Browne and Kennedy, Heath, and—good heavens!—last August's Haigh. Before him admiration and dread are almost unbounded; and I must say he looks rosy and unassuming, the Vampire of Three Bridges, quite the most amiable type of English businessman. Who would hesitate to trust him with the children, or the car for the afternoon, or an old lady wishing to take her jewellery to the bank? "It's a nice quiet suit," says the woman in front of me, approvingly. I happen to glance at the catalogue: "62. John George Haigh. The acid bath murderer. Executed 10th August, 1949. (*Dressed in own clothes.*)" Yes, a fresh light tweed, and the tie a little rubbed.

After that, having passed by two shabby, staring mannikins (Burke and Hare), I feel the need for oxygen, and make my way upstairs among the smiling bored people who have been all round, seen everything, and felt—what exactly, I wonder? Some of them pass into the amusements section or the ice-cream parlour, others go out into the street, in quest of fish and chips, or tea and a bun.

It is one of those mid-May afternoons when, with a chased-silver sky over the sunlit buildings, London can seem for a while beautiful, and its people clothed with dignity.

How pleasant merely to walk a little, to throw off the stuffiness of the depths I've just risen from! Then the scrawled newspaper placard catches my eye:

GIRL'S HAND AND FOOT FIND MYSTERY

Oh humanity! Oh needle-witted Madame Tussaud!

G. W. STONIER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

THAT the Royal Academy of Arts is not, like the National Coal Board or the Army, a public institution whose policy and estimates can be debated in Parliament is usually forgotten by its critics. It is not even, like the B.B.C. or the Arts Council, a pensioner of the State, half dependent and half independent. The President's remarks about civil servants at this year's dinner are part of the signs of a more recent tradition; for, although the Academy has always been proud of its independence, Sir Joshua Reynolds was glad to be considered a gentleman among gentlemen, a scholar among scholars, an official among officials. The contempt of some living R.A.'s for the historian and the connoisseur, for anyone, indeed, but an artist who dares to give an opinion on a picture, would have surprised him.

The Academy of 1768 was strictly the King's Academy and, in theory, it still remains so, one imagines. George III, even before he had signed the charter of foundation, spoke of the exhibition as "my exhibition." It was from the Privy Purse that the money came to support its early work. In 1837, when the Academy moved from Somerset House to its second home in the east wing of the National Gallery, William IV himself presented the keys to the President, Sir Martin Archer-Shee. In that same year the attempt by an M.P. to force the Academy to declare its finances was ultimately defeated in the Commons, and in 1859 Lord Lyndhurst reminded the Lords that the Academy held its premises, "not of the nation, but of the Crown and at the pleasure of the Crown." It built its present home with its own money. Appeals should, therefore, be made to its conscience and not to any statute. In this independence of state supervision and finance, the R.A. is unique among the important academies of Europe and always has been. George III was no Louis XIV bringing painting and sculpture into a vast scheme of social centralisation. But, although it appeared late in the history of academies, over two hundred years after Vasari's and more than a century after Colbert's, the R.A. was founded to meet a particular emergency. In 1768, English artists needed some public display of patronage, some institution more orderly and respectable than those squabbling societies—the Free Society and the Society of Incorporated Artists—which had held annual exhibitions since 1761. It is just because the problem of patronage remains that it is more interesting to consider the Academy as an organisation, than to argue once again about the merits of its Summer Exhibition.

The King's Academy gave the artist a place in society although this intention is not explicitly stated in its charter or in that first Discourse of Reynolds which was written to give the new body a direction and purpose. In Italy and France the formation of academies had emancipated the artist from the guilds and companies which had kept him in the position of a craftsman. The emergence of Academies was a symptom of the Renaissance and Baroque tendency to regard art as a learned profession demanding a knowledge of architecture, geometry, perspective, arithmetic, anatomy, osteology, astronomy, and history, ancient and modern. Behind Reynolds's Discourses lay the aesthetics of the seventeenth century and the rationalism of Locke. The Academy was to be a repository for artistic theory. Professors of Ancient History and Ancient Literature and an Antiquary were appointed. It was also to be "a repository for the great examples of the Art . . ." (the visible justification of that theory). "The Student receives, at one glance, the principles which many Artists have spent their lives in ascertaining . . ." The Academy was to be a school, the first in the country. It was also to provide a place of exhibition. That was the first reason for its foundation and the R.A. differs from most other academies in this emphasis upon its annual exhibition. In England, the connoisseur looked abroad for everything but the portrait, and the summer show was intended to advertise the talents of British artists, and thereby, if possible, to create and encourage a native school of history painting.

Now the Academy has auxiliaries or rivals in all these fields. In the last hundred years a dozen exhibiting societies have been founded and its value to all but the established artist can now be easily exaggerated. If a new set of galleries were to be built for temporary exhibitions (and such a building is as necessary as the new concert hall) there would be little point in grumbling that the walls of Burlington House, the home of a private and independent society of artists, do not present the best in British art.

The Academy school was the first with an organised curriculum in England. To-day the Academy school is one among hundreds. It is no longer a Mecca and, more importantly, it is no longer a source of artistic theory. As well as the powerful influence of Reynolds's Discourses, the lectures of Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Flaxman, and Leslie were printed and reprinted and stood as a guide to the students of their time. By the end of the nineteenth century, such Academy lectures had lost their importance and in 1911 the Professorships of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture fell into abeyance. The vital and influential

artistic theory of the present century has been written outside Academies and it was at the Bauhaus that a rational and coherent system of art education was evolved.

The Academy's position as a repository of the finest art has been taken over by the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, although its winter exhibitions have been its most important contribution to the artistic life of this country since the death of Turner. Now that museum management has become a specialised profession, the National Gallery will never again be directed by a President of the Royal Academy as in the days of Eastlake and Poynter. In the wild and wilful era of the past president, the gulf between the Academy and our National Museums was enormously increased.

The artist no longer asks for social status in the eighteenth-century sense, but he still needs what Blake angrily demanded in the margins of Reynolds's Discourses opposite the words "royal liberality." "Liberality! We want not Liberality. We want a Fair Price and Proportionate Value and a General Demand for Art."

It seems clear that the new President does not intend that the Academy should remain a place of private and local prejudice, and his announcement of future exhibitions is encouraging and deserves encouragement. But the most effective way of transcending the present weakness of its independent status would be to join with other bodies in meeting Blake's still topical demand, even if it meant the abandonment of that independence.

BASIL TAYLOR

THE SECOND COCKTAIL PARTY

IT is a pity, I think, that Mr. Sherek—who presents *The Cocktail Party* at the New Theatre—having shipped his first production off to New York, should not have played for danger, and given us a quite new production to compensate. Instead he has chosen a second eleven to replace the touring team, while the original production, not remarkable even then for inventiveness or imagination—though careful and, we must suppose authoritative—has been warmed up and served again. This is never a satisfactory way of doing things. But at least in the event I can state at once that, having sat engrossed through two visits to the original production, at Brighton, I was no less continuously interested and entertained at the present one, and this in spite of a mounting antipathy to its view of life. Mr. Shawe-Taylor gave so just an account of this play in these columns from Edinburgh last August that I do not need to repeat him now; nor is there space here to assess the ultimate value of the play. But I should like to repeat that it succeeds admirably in doing what, on one level, it sets out to do, namely, harness the drawing room comedy convention, such as it (rather miserably) was, to the poet's own ends, such as they (rather repulsively) are. Whether this is really the best approach for our leading poet—even granted the distinction with which it is done—is open to some doubt. One can understand Mr. Eliot's discontent with having been confined to little theatre audiences; but this, as it turns out, was just the moment when the wider theatre audience was ready to accept poetry in the theatre on the poet's own terms. Perhaps now is the time for a full-scale production of *The Family Reunion*.

For this very reason I think the present production cowardly. It doesn't sufficiently point the author's ironic attitude towards the convention. And if it enables the more widely read critics to reassure their public by telling them that the verse is unobtrusive, is that really the strongest recommendation for a verse play? There is today no need to be timid about poetry in the theatre. In the text I notice emphases, reminding one of *Sweeney*, that are suppressed in performance. The verse is carefully contrived to move up and down the register from light banter to serious, and even profound, comment. The result of suppressing it so generally in the speaking is to make the serious comments stand out too much on the rare occasions when it is marked.

What those who are now seeing it for the first time will want to know is whether they are missing anything by not seeing the first production, and if so, how much. Well, there is a loss, without doubt. Mr. Alec Guinness is not a replaceable actor, but the loss is not so great as it might have been owing to Mr. Ian Hunter's quite exceptional performance as Edward Chamberlayne, the husband. His predecessor was serious but monotonous and altogether too puzzled, as if he were surprised to find himself in this kind of play at all. Mr. Hunter, besides being a more suitable age, has obviously taken to the part from the beginning. His face opens and shuts in the right kind of puzzlement, at the predicament in which he finds himself; and the variety and reality which he brings to his character does a great deal to put into the play a humanness which seemed in the earlier production to be lacking. And Miss Alison Leggatt, though in some ways less suited to her part as his wife, brings a sharp shrewishness to the marriage battle, which is helpful. I miss the bland Buchmanite suavity, which Mr. Ernest Clarke brought to the third of the guardians: we want a much greater deliberation from Mr. Robin Bailey who now plays this part. Miss Margaret Leighton gains in the first act by putting more feeling into the scene where she is discarded. But she tries to put too much, or the wrong kind, into her conversion scene. Spiritual states are doubtless very difficult to represent; but her staring eyes and strained intensities did not convince me.

That Mr. Rex Harrison is miscast goes without saying. All the same he very nearly wins through in the second act. It is impossible to compare him with Mr. Guinness; they are opposites. Mr. Guinness was rigid, decisive, imperial; Mr. Harrison is soft, tentative, engaging; Mr. Guinness commanded his way through; Mr. Harrison charms his way along. But in the consulting room scene in the second act he does impose a kind of ascendancy. It would surely help if he could only assert some authority earlier on. We want to feel a fist beneath his smart chamois leather gloves. In his first serious exchanges with the husband he should come down on top of the words, not slide smilingly up to them. Not only does the sense demand a harder and more authoritative note, but it is also demanded by the very fact of our finding Mr. Rex Harrison, here at all. An actor like Mr. Harrison who has traded on his personality in parts cut to measure, must assert his difference early when he is to be taken quite differently.

T. C. WORSLEY

BALLABILE

IT was perhaps fortunate that *Ballet Imperial* came first to reassure us that the classical tradition still has a superb exponent, for *Ballabile*, the new piece by Roland Petit at Covent Garden, is no more than a fashionable muddle made up of all the stunts and mannerisms—sex, slapstick and acrobatics—which riddle contemporary ballet. Not that it is poor entertainment (apart from an overlong Spanish pastiche in the brassy manner of the choreographer's *Carmen*). As a series of cabaret turns, *A Sunday on the River*, *A Street in the Rain* and *Circus on the Green*, three out of the six pieces that make up *Ballabile*, are enormous fun—just the sort of thing that enriched C. B. Cochran's revues before the war. It is a sad reflection on English revues that they no longer have any place for these productions. That Covent Garden has become the right quarter for such trivia is just as regrettable. One does not object to any amount of comedy or parody in ballets. Bicycles, rowing-boats, erotic displays, all are legitimate material, providing the result can qualify as a work of art. *Ballabile* does not. Choreographic messiness is largely to blame. The mood is lyrical one moment, droll or satirical the next. Thanks to a superb sense of the theatre and a feeling for the realities of the time in which we live, M. Petit gets away with more than he should. But as soon as he stops depending on these qualities, as soon as he stops doing conjuring tricks—when he has to invent passages of lyrical dancing for example—we notice how choreography has been sacrificed to showmanship. Compared with the methods of Frederick Ashton, another choreographer with a frivolous side (one, moreover, who has experimented with cabaret) the lack of artistry and failure of technique are immediately apparent. Choreography apart, Clavé's vivid decor (the best done for any recent ballet), Chabrier's delightful music arranged by Constant Lambert and spirited dancing all round will ensure that *Ballabile* is a great popular success. The *Folies Bergères* conceits that M. Petit has thought up for the English company might well have looked grotesque. But the dancers have caught the idiom and perform with a dash and brio entirely new to them. Violetta Elvin, Anne Negus and Alexander Grant were particularly happy in their roles.

Ballet Imperial has also spoilt one for Walter Gore's new work, *Winter Night*, which the Ballet Rambert are giving at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Here again a piano concerto accompanies the ballet—this time Rachmaninoff's Second—but a liaison between the music and the dancing is never established, let alone one between the music and the dim triangular plot that intrudes. My colleague, Mr. Shawe-Taylor, has recently discussed in these pages the problem of piano concerti used as ballet accompaniments. Everything he said applies in this case, so I will not comment on Mr. Gore's choice of score, except to remark one lesson of Balanchine's great work, To make a successful ballet out of a virtuoso

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concerto such as this, a choreographer must be able to match its grand manner; he must have on hand a competent pianist (and a good piano), a numerous and brilliant ensemble and a large and well-set stage. The Sadler's Wells are endowed with most of these requirements—not the Ballet Rambert. This excellent little company has very different qualities and they are best displayed in less ambitious works, whose scale can be reduced or enlarged at will. Likewise Mr. Gore's gifts as a choreographer. Let us hope that next time he will give his excellent *première danseuse*, Paula Hinton, opportunities for sustained dancing, instead of showing her off in such a fitful way. RICHARD JOHNSON

RADIO NOTES

If centenaries are to be celebrated, as they must be, let them be celebrated with moderation; and let them end at a point where the listener will still be eager for more. Last year's Goethe celebrations, for instance, went on far too long; weeks before the final assessments, revaluations, dramatisations and translations had been made one had had enough, the very name of Goethe had begun to oppress one like a guilty conscience, and at the end one was left with the unworthy feeling that one wouldn't have to bother about him for another hundred years, and was unworthily relieved. The current Wordsworth centenary is being handled very differently, much more modestly and, I am sure, with greater effect; the talking points having been made, one will go on talking when the last broadcast has said its last word. The celebrations began on absolutely the right note, with Mr. Bridson's charming and unpretentious return journey to the Lakes, *Rothay Revisited*. It was an unusually *fresh* programme: we caught Wordsworth as his friends saw him and as the memory of him exists to-day in his countryside; we heard snatches of the play about his life as a boy that the children of his old school were rehearsing. Even the setting for a mixed choir of "The Daffodils" had its dreadful interest; and the programme made a very pleasant anthology of the poet's work, beautifully read by Mr. Valentine Dyall's noble voice. One's only criticism was that the incidental music was brought in too soon, allowed to overlap the poetry and therefore distract the attention. *Rothay Revisited* set the poet as it were in his context; and this was further established in the recorded extracts of the speeches at his birthplace. The occasion, one felt, wasn't being inflated—Mr. Raymond Mortimer's speech, rescuing the poet from his philosophy, was both witty and profound.

Of the set pieces for the celebration the really outstanding one was Mr. Herbert Read's fine talk on *The Prelude*. The discussion between Mr. Read, Mr. Roy Fuller and Dr. Bronowski did not, I feel, succeed; and perhaps its title, *New Judgment*, was partly to blame. It wasn't that. The culmination of the centenary, of course, has been the series of readings from *The Prelude*, by Mr. Hallam Fordham. These are not new; they were originally broadcast two years ago; and one is glad that something new was not attempted, for there have never been better poetry readings on the air. Mr. Fordham subordinates himself to the poetry in the most masterly way; he perfectly renders Wordsworth's neutral style in all its unostentatious sublimity.

Consideration of recent plays must wait till later, for now I must commend the outburst of energy manifest by the Talks Department in the past few weeks. At least four important talks series are being broadcast at the moment. I do not think I have heard better or more vivid reporting than Mr. Colin Wills's talk on the Gold Coast in his *African Journey* series; he unfolded the pattern of native life most skilfully. Then there is the highly topical series in the Home Service on *The Problem of Punishment*, which Lord Justice Asquith opened last week with an analysis of the various theories of punishment. Here, the difficulty is the shortness of time allowed the speakers: fifteen minutes, which inevitably gives talks on such a theme the air of *ex cathedra* utterances. The tyranny of the fifteen-minute talk has at least been broken in the Third, with admirable results at any rate in the series *Aspects of Art in England*, in which Mr. J. Isaacs's *Thornhill and the Baroque* and *Hogarth and the Comic* have been especially noteworthy. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Dividing Line," at the Carlton
"Prelude to Fame," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Last Holiday," at the Tivoli and the Dominion

It is my sad duty as a film critic to encounter it week after week: American boost, American romance, American cliché, the American way of life. No more absurd and boring, perhaps, than any other form of advertisement, except that one is naturally more interested in America than in toothpaste or harmless laxatives. And how all this self-advertising obscures from us what it sets out to display! After seeing even a film with the merits of *The Big Lift*, I come away chewing a sour either-or. Either this film is a libel on the American character or it is true. If true, how detestable, then, the Americans!

But, luckily, just as we are tumbling into complete Americophobia, a film of a very different nature will come along, self-scrutinising instead of self-advertising, to redress the balance. *The Dividing Line* criticises the American way of life: in this case a (presumably Californian) small town, with a "native quarter" of Spanish fruit-pickers across the river. The smallest of car accidents starts trouble; there is a flare-up at a dance; a girl gets scared by a fugitive; and then the tom-toms of rumour and hatred get going. The Press proclaims a state of riot; lynching and arson follow. That mob, which in its well-drilled elections and football matches must everywhere excite our distrust, here a little exceeds its order. It yells and acts; it is ashamed of itself. But when chance or its own emotional pressure creates another such occasion, it will behave in exactly the same way.

Now, what makes *The Dividing Line* a good film—good, that is to say, at the level of the recent *Intruder in the Dust*—is not merely its civilised lesson; but the conviction of life and place that accompanies it. We gather more of what goes on in a small town than we are used to: its sleepy hollow, its newspaper offices, its out-of-date Hotspurs, its church-going notabilities, lighted high-street at night, and liberal element. All this is impressed in a rapid narrative, and our sympathies are not unreasonably linked with the mob's victim, or would-be victim, a young fruit-picker (Lala Rios) whose dream is to possess an acre of his own for peaches. Directed by Joseph Losey, *The Dividing Line* does in fact give us a little to take away, and not another unbreakable shop-window of U.S.A. Inc.

The two English films have respectable sources. *Prelude to Fame* tries hard to live up to its Huxley story, of a musical prodigy forced up to a world conducting tour at ten; and it achieves best when success seems most difficult—all the concert-hall scenes, and the small boy (Jeremy Spenser, with the look of an infant Orson Welles) sawing and beckoning his way through the overture to *Oberon*, are excellent. And the story itself rings true enough: he is picked out by an English scientist inhabiting an Italian hillside, snatched off by an ambitious patroness of the arts, assured his seat on the roundabout of fashion, and—at the point of suicide—rescued and despatched home. Unfortunately, the elders in this clear-eyed tale of precocity are such dummies that the whole thing has an air of stiff melodrama, with its flutter of musical interest at the centre. Given an intelligent script, this might have made a very good film. If national boost is the American foible, ours is theatrical blight.

Last Holiday hardly starts to be a film at all: considering the talents that have gone to the making—a new screen-play by Mr. J. B. Priestley, and Mr. Alec Guinness, undisguised, in the chief part—its failure to animate is quite remarkable. But the fact is that Mr. Priestley's little fairy-tale of an ordinary chap, given by his doctor a brief while to live, and encountering the chances of a lifetime in a rich hotel, rarely attains the liveliness and momentum that should be there. A dead hand has directed. Most of the time we are left wondering how talents so solid and characters so plump can acquire such flatness in their fall. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Hell is What You Make it," at the Unity

Mr. Ewan MacColl's morality starts on the near bank of the Styx, goes to Lucifer's office, and ends in the Miners' Institute in Hell. Time, the present. It is easy to see the chances Mr. MacColl's idea give him. The middle-classes have lost their social niche, and feel they are pushed around by office-types, of whom the chief is Lucifer. There are strikes and rumours of strikes. And Dr. Faustus, industrial chemist with Leftish ideas, tells the new arrivals, in a set speech that runs like a pastiche of Congreve, that hell is where the industry of the many is sacrificed to the idleness of the few, hell's universities are where the wise are winnow'd by the fools, and so on. A nice starting point for contemporary satire that promises more than it ever quite performs. Mr. MacColl's plot is that damned Nazis arrive to show Lucifer how to run the place: when they do he flies in disgust to Paradise, and hell's workers rise to take over. Mr. MacColl is a poet but weakens his play when he funks the poetry of his own idea. He doesn't funk the wit and plays up the farce too easily. He has a useful hand with national types, there is a charming Irishman, an even more charming Welshman, and (of course) the Scotsman leads. In Mr. Hugh E. Rank, Unity have found a producer to be watched, he keeps the play moving and the stage alive. M. S.

"The Silver King," at the Bedford

A visit this month to the Bedford is warmly recommended, both as a treat for *aficionados* of Victorian melodrama in its ripe, actor-managerial prime, and as a remedy for naive believers in the reality of the progress of civilisation. "Custom-built" in 1882 by the youthful Henry Arthur Jones for Wilson Barrett, *The Silver King* was by way of being a "tough" piece. Of the leading characters, half are crooks; the fifteen scenes include a ginny pub in Clerkenwell and an unsavoury Rotherhithe wharf; and the hero, before his redemption *via* the lucky discovery of a Nevada mine, was clearly qualifying for the lead in *The Lost Week-End*. In short, here is a story of crime and punishment out of which a contemporary Hollywood script-writer would have made eighty minutes of inhumanly efficient thuggery. Not so here: virtue bests villainy which is neither very efficient nor appallingly inhuman; the pre-Raffleite "Spider" who leads the crooks can spare a regretful thought for the bareness of her Ladyship's sideboard after his operations; there are no submachine-guns; and Mr. Denver, who wrongly believes himself guilty of murder, suffers exquisitely. The pace of the present production, excellently directed by Gordon Crier, needs quickening a little; but the acting is so sincere and vivid that one forgets the "period" absurdities. John Justin, as Denver, has a voice and a profile; Rosemary Scott is graceful and melting in invincible innocence; and Tony Quinn is a touching faithful servitor. With villainy—top-hatted, bowler-hatted and bob-nailed—admirably presented by Michael O'Halloran, Larry Burns, John Bryning and Arthur Lovegrove, and with Pat Nye contributing a nice bit of rustic "relief" before the great "scene," the emotional cup brims—for over three crammed hours. How much more human warmth and truth in this picture of gas-lit London than in the screen's fluorescent Chicago underworld. A. V.

Flower Books, at the National Book League

It is impossible, at this charming display, not to regret the specialisation of science. Here, at one pole, is that monumental folio, the *Temple of Flora* (1799-1807) for which Dr. John Thornton engaged the best artists and over which he ruined himself financially. Here are poetry, art and botany: the Rose is dis-

played against a background of temple and blue landscape, and described with the elegance of eighteenth-century prose. Here is the flower, and the experience of enjoying the flower. At the other pole is the volume in the New Naturalist series on *British Plant Life* whose photographs, both plain and coloured, may very well show the flowers more accurately as to habitat and background than the earlier drawings, but leave out the beholder's pleasure. Has science gained at the expense of sensibility? It is the virtue of this exhibition to stimulate such questions: it tempts one to wonder why the stiff designs of the early printed herbals persisted long after artists had started carving naturalistic forms on the capitals of pillars; or to try to relate the particular elegance of *La Guirlande de Julie* (1641) with French seventeenth-century costume and furniture. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who has organised the exhibition and lent many of the books and paintings, has chosen from a wide field. There are photographs of drawings from fifth and sixth-century codices, examples of Chinese and Japanese flower-painting, one of Ruskin's botanical notebooks, and some sensitive drawings and lithographs by John Nash, John Farleigh, Robert Paul, Lilian Snelling and others, to redress the balance in the modern books. J. A. S.

Correspondence

NATIONAL WAGES POLICY

SIR,—You rightly observed last week that the Government and the trade union leaders must at once begin the task of formulating a wages policy. It is a difficult task, but, given good will and the loyal support of all unions, I think the T.U.C. can do it.

The key to it, in my view, is the timing of wage claims. The T.U.C. should draw up a list of claims, already lodged, according to the wage-rates now being paid: the claims of the lowest paid first, and those of the highest paid last. Where omnibus claims, covering all grades in an industry, have been lodged, as in the case of the shipbuilders and engineers, the unions concerned should be asked to break up their claims, so that demands for the lowest paid grades —including the relatively under-paid time-workers— are presented first. This would arouse opposition, since helping the lowest paid would interfere with the "differential" between skilled and unskilled workers. But, here again, the solution is to be found in "timing." It is not suggested that the skilled workers should receive no improvements, but that their improvements should come later.

It is not sufficient, however, merely to time the presentation of wage claims; the decisions on those claims must also be properly timed. One of the main grievances of the unions is that wage negotiations are dragged on beyond normal limits of patience. It is important, therefore, that, in arranging the order for the presentation of claims, a date should be fixed for each decision in the joint negotiations between unions and employers. In the event of an unacceptable decision at that stage, a further date must be set in advance for arbitration hearings and final decision.

This raises another important issue. By sticking closely to the National Arbitration Tribunal and other arbitration courts, the Government's wage-steadying policy has brought the era of free collective bargaining to an end. There cannot be free bargaining when the arbitrators feel themselves bound to obey a policy which was originally framed in wide, general terms and has since become a rigid directive.

The attempt to introduce a time-table, therefore, for wage claims must be accompanied by a new directive from the Government to the Tribunal and arbitration courts. This must state (1) that the claims of the lowest paid workers should have favourable consideration, and (2) that subsequent claims for adjusting differentials must be assessed according to their contribution to a rationalisation of the wages structure in each industry.

There are three other points to be considered in preparing a wages policy on these lines: incentives, costs of production, and the problem of "service" industries.

As regards incentives, each wage agreement in a production industry should be related to a practical incentive scheme. This is needed most urgently in the engineering industry, where bonus payments and piece rates are dangerously archaic. It might be wise here to follow the raising of the lower wage rates by immediate discussions on new incentive schemes to be introduced before the "differentials" question is considered. On the question of costs, I am not impressed with the argument which employers will use that all wage increases lead to higher costs. On the contrary, higher wages should be used as a spur to improved efficiency and should be discussed on that basis with the unions.

The problem of the "service" industries—railways, distributions, electricity supply and so on—is more difficult, because here it is impossible to relate incentive schemes to production. But, with the help of trained consultants—who could well be brought in by the arbitrators—it should not be impossible to relate extra earnings to savings in costs of operations. At least it is worth while trying.

A further point which some unions might consider is whether they should deliberately leave out of their claims those employers who for good reasons now pay their workers more than agreed rates. There is much to be said in present circumstances for a policy which divides the sheep and goats and concentrates union pressure on the latter.

All this would throw a heavy programme of work on the various arbitration bodies, particularly on the National Arbitration Tribunal. To meet this situation, the Ministry of Labour would have to set up half a dozen Arbitration Tribunals in order to break the bottleneck of a single Tribunal and allow all claims to be settled in a reasonable time. And a reasonable time means within three months of the presentation of the wage claim to the employers.

House of Commons. GEORGE DARLING

[We refer to Mr. Darling's letter in a leading article. ED., *N.S. & N.*]

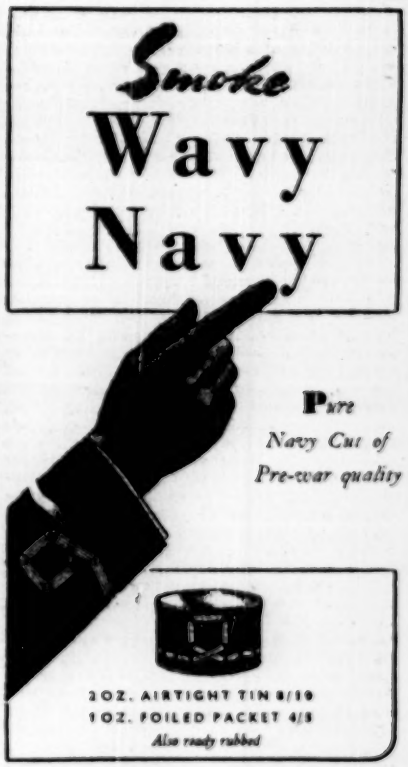
THE PLAY OF IDEAS

SIR,—I have no doubt that your readers are as relieved as I am at your decision to close this controversy—if by that term you can dignify the weekly belabouring of a cheeky fourth former by some of the biggest and brainiest boys in his school.

Nevertheless, despite the severity of his punishment, the cheeky fourth former must confess himself quite unrepentant and still cheeky enough to ask why, if what he said was, as so many of the illustrious contributors to this series have either stated or implied, so nonsensical as hardly to merit a reply, it should in fact have merited not merely one, but six. Isn't there something just a little suspect in this formidable unanimity of august indignation? Nonsense—even flagrantly irreverent nonsense—is surely better ignored, or curtly and contemptuously dismissed. So thunderous a response as I seem to have provoked inevitably leads me, and perhaps your readers, to believe that my heresy must have made some sense, and perhaps even dangerous sense. And that is a flattering thought.

Still, the battle, unequal though it was, is over. All I would do now, in valediction, is to remind your readers of the remark that originally caused all the fuss. "I believe," I said, "that the best plays are about people and not about things." By that admittedly prodigious over-simplification I did *not* mean that no good plays contained ideas, nor that all plays of character are necessarily good plays, nor any of the other idiocies which some of my antagonists have ascribed to me. What is more, I was perfectly aware of the impossibility of entirely disjoining people and things—a point so obvious that I confess I was surprised to find it so often made—and of the danger of attaching labels to creative work.

Nor was I wilfully ignoring the vital question of the writer's powers of expression—(or lack of them)—or the strength of his literary imagination (or lack of it). All I meant by my statement was that, in my view, the successful creation of living characters upon the stage (by whatever medium of dramatic expression, realistic, poetic, expressionistic, impressionistic, surrealist, apron-stage, circular stage, revolving stage, revolving audience or just flatly box stage and reactionarily naturalistic) has always been, is now, and will remain a higher achievement for the



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To M. Macaulay
General Manager for British Isles

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dramatist than the successful assertion of an idea, or series of ideas (however much those ideas might contribute towards a solution of the human predicament, however they might befit a series of articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, or a preface to the published plays). I was, in fact, naively stating my personal preference for such a play as *Macbeth* over such a play as *The Master Builder*; or—to demonstrate the unprejudiced nature of my loyalties—for *Hedda Gabler* over *Measure for Measure*, or, even, and this I state solely in order to refute Bridie's assertion that I haven't read any of Shaw's plays and Shaw's presumption that I don't like those I have read, for *Candida* over *The Millionairess*.

But I verge again on the cheeky, and I mustn't risk another caning. Someone, I suppose, is almost bound now to burst into your columns with the confident assertion that Rattigan believes that there are no ideas in *Macbeth*, and no characters in *The Master Builder*. Let me save him his time and trouble by saying I don't believe anything of the kind. It is all surely a question of emphasis, or rather, for the process of creation is far less conscious than most critics seem to suppose, of the focus of the dramatist's original inspiration. Which came first—the chicken or the egg—the people or the idea? I think it's hypocrisy to say that one can't possibly judge. Arrogantly, let me state my firm belief that I *can* judge and, didactically, let me reiterate my continued preference for plays in which the ideas have sprung from the characters over plays in which the characters have been created as mouthpieces for the ideas.

Well, sir, I cannot, in conclusion say with perfect truth that I have altogether enjoyed my weekly whackings, but I can at least assure you that my behind—if Sean O'Casey will forgive the middle-class euphemism for his uncompromisingly proletarian monosyllable—my behind, if red, is so no more from the harsh treatment it has received than from blushful pride at the high distinction of the canes that have belaboured it. While not only my behind but the whole of my anatomy is still positively quivering with the shock and delight of having been considered worthy of the high honour of a birching from the head boy himself, who, with characteristic and Olympian generosity, dealt far more leniently with the cheeky fourth former than with the school prefects who had been bullying him.

And so, encouraged thus in my cheek, I shall wish my opponents well of their theatre that is—to quote one of them—"one third arena, one third temple, one third music hall." Personally, I shall just stick to the theatre. TERENCE RATTIGAN

POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—The decision of the Directors of the School of Slavonic Studies not to renew the appointment as lecturer of Mr. Andrew Rothstein will disturb many students of Soviet affairs, whether they share Mr. Rothstein's political opinions or not. Readers of Mr. Rothstein's published work will find it difficult to believe that the decision was made on academic rather than political grounds.

This decision is not, however, an isolated act of political discrimination. We have good reason to believe that during the last two or three years political tests have been unofficially applied with increasing frequency in the making of appointments to University teaching posts. In a number of cases known to us, candidates have been asked by members of interviewing boards whether or not they are members of the Communist Party. Whatever the reply given by the candidate, prejudice on a matter irrelevant to the appointment is induced. Such prejudice may well result in the appointment of a candidate other than the one best qualified for the post. In other cases, academic referees have been known to write glowing testimonials as to the candidate's qualifications, with a rider stating that he is a Communist.

This type of interference with academic freedom cannot but result in the deterioration of standards of teaching and scholarship. It creates an atmosphere of intolerance and suspicion in the universities, in which the development of activities proper to a university are inhibited.

The Association of University Teachers, recently re-affirmed a pre-war resolution defending the right of university teachers to take part as they wish in public and political life. This right, which few would attempt to deny in theory, seems to us to be jeopardised by recent practice. The only way in which political discrimination can be fought is by giving every instance the maximum publicity, and we appeal to all who have knowledge of these cases not to allow them to pass unnoticed.

J. H. C. WHITEHEAD, JOAN ROBINSON, BERYL SMALLEY, H. S. DAVIES, M. H. DOBB

A NEW APPROACH

SIR,—The ten writers who sent a letter under the above heading do not seem to have read my reply to M. Ehrenburg with much care. Or it may be that they and I are standing on different ground. Mine is clear to me. I believe that love of power, hatred and suspicion, fear and fanaticism and lying propaganda have between them created a world that is hurrying towards destruction. For this the Communists must accept their share of responsibility. I am prepared to help any movement of writers that tries to clear this atmosphere and freely criticises all men in authority who prevent their people from creating a world of friendly co-operation. I will do my best to attend any Congress that has a programme honestly organised on these lines. But when I am told that "now Russian co-operation is willing and eager," I find myself compelled to assert my belief that, in spite of fanatics and intriguers in the West, Russia could if she wished change the whole spirit of the world and retrieve and increase the good will of the war years. And there is the new approach that millions and millions of us are waiting for, and so far in vain. Ban the atomic bomb, by all means; but at the same time, it seems to me, we must condemn honestly and openly the endless and unscrupulous struggle for power and the militant policies that inevitably conjure up these horrors and do not allow people to live in peace. J. B. PRIESTLEY

MARSHALLISED ITALY

SIR,—We happened to read the article of Mr. Basil Davidson in your issue of April 15th under the heading of: "Marshallised Italy."

We have no intention of arguing on the contents of this article but we merely want to re-establish the truth on what has been written about our company because the statements made at our General Meeting in Milan last month have been referred to in a misleading way.

1. Edison is not at all satisfied with things as they are: and this is clearly stated in the report.

2. Our power is nearly all hydro-electric and its fall in 1949 is exclusively due to the exceptional drought and this is clearly written in the report. During 1949 new hydro-electric plants or extensions of existing hydro-electric plants have gone into operation with an average yearly output capacity of about 250×10^6 kwh. Edison's total output in 1949 has been of 4,565,000,000 kwh., despite the drought, about 17.8 per cent. above the 1938 output; the whole Group's 1949 output has been 22.2 per cent. above the 1938 one.

Our report also clearly states that our system has at present under construction a group of hydro-electric plants which will produce an average of over one billion kwh. yearly, and besides that we are installing four new steam-generating units for 250,000 kw.

What we complain of is that our rates are insufficient, thus not allowing the necessary depreciation and fair return on invested capital. These are the reasons why it is difficult to raise new capital and these difficulties kept us from starting the construction of other new plants in addition to those which we had agreed with the Government to initiate.

These are the facts: deductions should be made considering them all and not only some periods of a report.

As far as the Italian investments in foreign countries are concerned, we must point out that such investments are forced upon us to recuperate our commercial credits coming from Italian exports which the debtor-countries do not give us the possibility of transferring or using for imports we need, thus obtaining important financing from Italy—a poorer country than themselves. This is what happens for instance with our sterling credits in London.

Societa Edison, PIERO FERRERIO
Milan.

[Mr. Davidson writes: I cannot see how Signor Ferrerio's revealing letter in any way invalidates what I wrote. It remains, surely, that Edison would undertake no major capacity expansion without thorough prodding from, and guarantees of financial aid by, the Government; and that its major cause for dissatisfaction to-day is not that Italy goes short of current but that its shareholders go short of dividends. These deductions seem fair, and conflict in no essential way with the reports of the Marshall Aid Mission in Rome.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"THIS MODERN AGE"

SIR,—All of us on the production side of the film industry will agree with Mr. Norman MacKenzie that it would be a shame if "This Modern Age" is allowed to die.

I disagree with some of the details in Mr. MacKenzie's article: for one, with the statement that none has been more hardly hit by the film crisis than the documentary producers. Some of the independent companies are doing well. There were no major casualties last year.

Again, I would quarrel with the figures (£10,000 production cost, £7,500 receipts for 2,500 bookings) given for "This Modern Age." I know of no two-reeler which is averaging anything like as much as £3 a booking, although it may be said that inside J.A.R.O. the allocation of bookings on "This Modern Age" are probably not much more than a book-keeping transaction. Yet, although these figures look incorrect, this is the kernel of the whole business in so far as it affects documentary films designed for theatrical showing, one of the reasons why documentary producers tend to be ulcer-ridden! There is no adequate financial return for the "theatrical" documentary, which is why cinemagoers have to put up with so many trashy quota shorts.

And this figure of £10,000 production cost does not make sense unless there was an attitude of "money is no object" on the part of the producer, which I do not believe. The figure of £5,000 a reel, remembering that this is not a studio production (i.e., it is without paid artistes, without set building, without heavy lighting and their attendant electricians, without synchronous sound and so on) seems unreasonably high. One can average out the cost of a cine-magazine of this kind, and most of the issues that I have seen have been comparatively simple location jobs. Still, the unknown factor is, of course, the overheads.

Lastly, let's keep the magazine alive for national prestige reasons. Hollywood does pretty well already for the American way of life through its film product. Why present "The March of Time" with an international monopoly? G. N. FOX-EDWARDS
Potter Street, Nr. Harlow, Essex.

NATIONALISATION SURVEY

SIR,—It has been suggested that the National Association of Labour Student Organisations might be able to play a very useful part in the carrying out of an attitude survey in the nationalised railway and road-transport industries. For a survey of this sort to be complete it is necessary to cover the whole country effectively. Should any individual students be prepared to help with this work during July and August, I should be grateful if they would contact me, mentioning the area in which they could operate.

N.A.L.S.O. HARVEY R. COLE
Magdalene College, *Research Officer*
Cambridge.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—May I point out a strange omission in Mr. Aldington's biography of D. H. Lawrence which has escaped the notice of most reviewers, including Mr. V. S. Pritchett. He was the author not only of novels, poems and essays but also of two deeply significant plays, *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* and *David*, first professionally performed at the "Three Hundred Club" (of which I was the Director) in 1925 and 1926. He was out of England when the plays were produced, but his interest was intense, and the grudging press notices did not seen to worry him unduly. PHYLLIS WHITWORTH

Books in General

"THE age of the encyclopaedist has passed and everyone now has to reconcile himself to limitation." By "encyclopaedist" of course M. Raymond Aron, from whose article on the philosophy of history in the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia** I am quoting, means the man who takes all knowledge for his province. The proposition will be generally accepted—perhaps, even with some relief; knowledge enormous no longer makes a god of us, and we can all go back happily to our jog-trot specialisms. Admittedly the way of the polymath is infinitely harder than it was even a century ago. When Wordsworth claimed that "the remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, and the Mineralogist" were proper objects of the poet's art, he hadn't envisaged a time and a condition of knowledge when the poet, *i.e.*, Wordsworth himself, might not be able to understand these discoveries but would have to take them on trust from those who had made them. It is almost platitudinous to say that for the educated layman to-day who has no scientific training—in which case the term "educated layman" is more often than not merely a euphemism for what in some fundamental respects is the totally illiterate layman—science has become a knowledge largely different in kind from any that he himself possesses; which is why in this century the sciences that influence men of letters in their work and their ways of thinking are the relatively unscientific ones like anthropology and depth psychology.

Yet we do well to remember that even in our own time the encyclopaedist, the polymath, does exist. The names of Whitehead and Bertrand Russell spring to mind; if we cannot say of them that what they didn't know wasn't knowledge, at any rate a very sizable portion of human knowledge was surely theirs, and one feels that there wasn't much of the rest that they could not have mastered had they wanted to. On a lower level, there have been Wells and Aldous Huxley, and if the level was roughly that of publicist, it is not on that account to be despised. Perhaps their greatest service to us, their purely literary work apart, has been just this: that, no matter how irritatingly superficial we may sometimes have found them, they have shown us that the man of encyclopaedic knowledge (even when, as so often with Huxley, we feel the knowledge has been obtained precisely from articles in encyclopaedias) is still a possibility to-day.

But even if he were not it would still be essential—indeed, the more essential—for us to behave as though he was. The idea of the educated layman may be an illusion, but it is a highly necessary one. We have to believe in the unity of knowledge despite the fact that, as individuals, we possess only broken fragments of knowledge. We have to believe, in other words, in a sort of Platonic form of the educated layman. It is only on such an assumption that we can have encyclopaedias at all. Therefore, the managing editor of the new *Chambers's*, Mrs. M. D. Law, is right to say in her preface:

> *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* addresses itself in the first place to the educated layman who has some general grounding in a variety of subjects from which he can proceed to more exact and detailed information in a special field—

though the educated layman may frequently find himself pulled up short by gaps, as it were, in his vocabulary, particularly his mathematical vocabulary, and boggle, as he follows the trail of contemporary philosophy, at such a remark as this, in the article on Nominalism: "For a popular exposition: A. J. Ayer, *Language, Truth and Logic*." Yet he may console himself by reflecting, as he reads in subjects outside his own field, that if he could entirely understand, it would probably be because it wasn't a very good encyclopaedia. For an encyclopaedia is not meant to be a series of popularisations: it is, as the word implies, a conspectus of the whole cycle of learning, presented as authoritatively and as lucidly as considerations of space and the difficulties of the subject permit.

The exciting thing about the new *Chambers's* is that it is exactly such a conspectus, made from the point of view of contemporary scholarship. It is, in fact, an entirely new work, planned in 1944 and completed within the past two years. It is bound to reflect, as Mrs. Law says, "the intellectual atmosphere of post-war Britain." This seems to me all to the good. I notice that one or two reviewers have questioned the value of the attempt to be as up to date as possible. But besides being conspectuses of the cycle of knowledge, encyclopaedias have an additional function. They represent the interpretation of knowledge at a particular moment in history. Knowledge increases; but even if it did not, new encyclopaedias would still be necessary from time to time since the interpretation of existing knowledge is continually changing.

The apparent increase in knowledge will, of course, be the first thing to strike the reader of the new *Chambers's*. The last edition, that of 1935, ran to ten volumes: this goes to fifteen, which means a leap from ten million words to fourteen and a half million. Mrs. Law sums up the change as follows:

> In the old ten-volume *Chambers's* religion, theology and biology together account for one-fifth of the whole work. In the new *Chambers's* they have slightly more than one-tenth. Physics has double the space it previously had, but even now has less than either religion or biology. History, economics and industry, the social sciences and education all inevitably claim a higher relative proportion.

Indeed, what most impresses one as one turns over the pages of the work is the enormous increase in techniques, in techniques of communication, production and administration. Outside physics, it may well be that the actual growth of knowledge has been small, though where it has occurred it seems to be summarised here in masterly fashion, as witness Mr. Whately Carington's brilliant articles on Precognition, Telepathy and Survival of Death, and the monumental survey—the work of a number of writers—of Mental Disorders, which is a whole history as well as an outline of the various schools of psychological medicine and their findings. These articles and, among many others, Mr. Berlin's study of Socialism and Socialist Theories, one imagines will remain standard works for years to come.

To the authority of the new *Chambers's* the very distinguished names of the advisory editors and contributors testify. It is primarily a British production. There was a danger here of comparative parochialism and, in the purely literary sections at any rate, I am not sure that it has been quite avoided. Kafka, for instance, gets slightly less space than Sir Hugh Walpole, and M. Mauriac barely half that devoted to Mr. Maugham; Rimbaud and Rilke have to be content, like Clough, with a column each. I fancy that, if perspective was to be maintained, the great European poets and novelists should have been written on at greater length and some of the English at rather less. What is fascinating is to observe the changes in literary reputations that the new *Chambers's* mirrors. It would have seemed impossible before Mr. T. S. Eliot, that conquering hero, arrived on these shores that Donne, Dryden and Pope could be given half as much space again as Shelley and Keats; and even twenty years ago it would have been scarcely credible that Trollope could warrant more discussion than Smollett, Scott, Stendhal, Flaubert and Turgenev. Indeed, I still find it scarcely credible. Henry James inevitably scores highly, perhaps too highly since his allotment is greater than Fielding's, George Eliot's and Hardy's, and three times as much as Meredith's.

The standard of the biographies, as far as one can judge by following one's main interests, and after that by sampling at random, is high. Professor Anthony Blunt's lives of painters as diverse as Bruegel, Michelangelo, Blake and Picasso, are models of compression, conciseness and fine incidental criticism; so in their different ways are Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart's Churchill, Mr. John Gore's King George V and Mr. John Hayward's Swift. The more spacious literary biographies contain some quite first-rate criticism, notably Mr. Tillotson's Tennyson and Browning, which are strikingly persuasive revaluations, Mr. Trilling's Arnold, Mr. Gleb Struve's Dostoevsky and Professor Butt's Dickens.

Professor Tillyard writes on Shakespeare; it is a pity he could not find room for a note on recent developments in Shakespeare criticism, particularly Professor Spurgeon's researches into his imagery; there is no mention, even, of her work in the bibliography. But the bibliographies as a whole vary markedly in value; that on Dickens, for instance, does not list either Mr. Edmund Wilson's revolutionary essay in *The Wound and the Bow* or George Orwell's.

The biographies and critical estimates of contemporary writers, whose achievement is still obviously in question, must have presented difficulties of their own. Much the most successful seem to me those by the late Michael Roberts; his pieces on Hopkins, Yeats, Pound, Graves, the Sitwells, MacNeice and Dylan Thomas among others, are marvellously packed with matter, however brief the space; the nature and quality of the poets are most deftly indicated, sometimes even with quotations. Other attempts at compression are less

* *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*. New Edition. In XV volumes. *Newnes*. £42 10s.

successful; it is merely to waste space to expend two inches on Ford Madox Ford if his major work, the Tietjens series, is not to be mentioned; and to describe Gissing's fiction as "realistic Zolaesque pictures" is to mislead the reader in the most subtle way.

There are omissions of course; though before anyone brings charges of omission a careful inspection of the remarkably thorough and comprehensive index is advisable. I feel myself that two inches might have been spared for biographical notes on Edward Thomas and Wilfred Owen, though in the latter instance *Chambers's* errs in the company of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and at least mentions him in the article on English Literature—which stops, incidentally, at the death of Yeats, whereas the survey of French literature goes as far as Sartre, Camus and Queneau. At the same time, it could, I think, be argued that too much attention is given to living and recent writers and artists and that some of the space could have gone to scholars and public men. Professor Arnold Toynbee is miserably served by a mere inch, and to cram the Webbs into half a column seems positively derisory.

But plainly the problem of space is insoluble: even with fourteen and a half million words at her disposal the managing editor's task was still somehow to get considerably more than a quart into a pint pot. On what is necessarily a very superficial inspection she appears to have succeeded magnificently. The encyclopaedia is easy to find one's way about in; the articles on the main subjects are satisfyingly long and, where one can judge, at least adequate and often much more; the illustrations are very good indeed; only the binding is horrid. The real test of course will come with day-to-day use. Meanwhile, one can perceive, behind the whole conception of the work, the figure, potent still even if a fiction, of the ideal educated layman; and one can say, to descend to an altogether lower level, that it is an enchanting series of volumes to browse in, for acquiring perfectly useless but all the same pleasing information: such as, for instance, that American football is, of all things, a development of the Eton field game.

WALTER ALLEN

CHORISTERS

See how they flutter and swoop,
Head-down against the wind
Like young rooks in the furrow.

Now they have preened themselves,
Sleeked their plumage and changed
Black for white feathers.

Into the Chapel they pace
Gravely, aloofly; doves
Move not more circumspectly.

Up soars the music, disciplined,
Passionless; even the youngest
Is quelled to the outward show

Of a centuries-old decorum:
But with secret fingers caressing
The small, sad roach in his pocket

(Caught before "Chorrers") he thinks,
"To-morrow I'll try in the reeds
—Praise the Lord—for a pike."

M. STANIER

OPTIMISM

New Worlds Emerging. By EARL PARKER HANSON. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Will we starve? Or won't we? Are we using up the world's resources faster than we replace them: or can we settle the Amazon basin and make a going concern of the Arctic? The debate shuttles across us, the pessimists gloomily calling our attention to soaring population curves, the optimists—of whom Mr. Hanson is one—dragging us back to look at the hopeful prospects of deserts, jungles and tundra, under-peopled and stuffed with untapped wealth. If, sometimes, the prophets of abundance become too lyrical and underestimate the practical difficulties, that is better than dreary resignation to mass hunger on a plundered planet; and it is proper that our ambition should be pricked into new ventures.

Mr. Hanson's optimism springs from his own experience. Something of a pioneer-at-large, his travels have turned him from an engineer into a geographer with a fancy for exposing fallacies. These travels also give a curious bias to his book, for he picks out the areas with which he is personally familiar—the Amazon, Liberia, Iceland and Puerto Rico—to illustrate his case and, perhaps rightly, leaves the reader to make the necessary analogies with other "backward" areas on the margins of our present industrial civilisation. The omission of the Soviet East, where the greatest technical advances are probably being made, is due to lack of published data, although there is a chapter, based on pre-war material, about the conquest of the Soviet Arctic; but in his emphasis on the empty places of the globe Mr. Hanson minimises the problem of feeding and technically developing the great human masses of Asia. This odd emphasis does not destroy Mr. Hanson's case. But in reading his book—and in being justly inspired by the hopes that he holds out—it is as well to remember that he presents only half the picture.

But the half of the picture he does present is drawn with some skill, even though the brushwork is uneven and at times fairly superficial. Our minds, he argues, have too long been set in the frame of Mercator's Projection. Aware of the achievements of man in the temperate zones, we have written off the polar regions and the tropics as marginal, suitable only for colonial enterprise, their peoples primitive, poor, fit only for menial labour. We have created a mythology of physical geography, in which the marginal lands are either too cold or too hot, infertile or else jungled swamps, or ridden by disease. Much of this mythology, Mr. Hanson suggests, is as bogus as were the monsters with which medieval mapmakers peopled their *terra incognita*, and our wartime experience in these areas has done much to provide the technical, medical and social answers to their problems. Given the will, we have the means to develop the Amazon basin, or Africa, or Alaska, to the point where they could support millions more people and still have exportable surpluses. We have an answer to the fantastic population pressure of Puerto Rico, the American colony once described as a hungry cow fed by U.S. taxpayers in order to be milked by four large sugar corporations; we could make Alaska as stable and prosperous as Iceland or Sweden; and we could turn Africa into a humming source of essential foods and minerals.

Yet to do all this is not merely a question of technical ability. It is primarily a matter of social policy. It involves, first, a radically different attitude towards the local populations, for it cannot be done by the White race as masters; it can only be done in partnership, by offering equal terms and equal chances in life to the Negroes, Indians, and other indigenous peoples. Secondly, it cannot be done merely by the old-style capitalist exploitation, which uses colonial territories as sources of cheap raw materials and secondary markets. Just how it can be done is a very tricky question. Mr. Hanson seems to think capitalism (he means the American system) can shed its imperialist overtones, become converted to Point Four, and go in as a cross between Unesco and the Liberian Corporation launched by Edward Stettinius. Indeed, he insists that capitalism can only save itself by becoming "liberal" and making itself work in the interests of all men, whatever the colour of their skins, their occupation or economic level. While this is a laudable aim, Mr. Hanson's conviction that it can be achieved seems to me the greatest and least realistic example of his optimism.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

LIFE ITSELF

The Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Hogarth Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"He remained," Virginia Woolf wrote of Walter Raleigh, "trim and detached on the high road, a perfect example of the Professor of Literature who has no influence on the art of writing." The people who get to the heart of the matter are the Keatses, the Coleridges, the Lambs, the Flauberts: "It is in the toil and strife of writing that they have forced the door open and gone within and told us what they have seen there." That is the whole case for the artist-critic; the professor's alternative is the toil and strife of reading. Against the artist-critic is the fact that he has his own interests; he seizes chiefly on things that disturb the moping of the creative mind, that suggests the themes it might have tried, the images which could provoke new pages. He tries to make something new out of an author.

And so he becomes either an extortionist or a writer of impressions and there is nothing like impressionism for getting the academic goat. Not to mention the goats of Mr. Cosmos who has lately got the Absolute stuck in his gullet, or Mr. Humdrum who has seen through the bourgeoisie, Mr. Horrid grinding his huge moral axe, Mr. Brisk with his ear to the ground and the Ineffables who have returned to the bosom and who sit at the right hand of God looking up the back files of the recording angel. These worthies want above all to be exact and right. They see everything except the hot act of writing, and there the artist-critic has them. However capricious his impression, he is likely to catch *that*; his own feeling for risk ensures it. The very egoism, which he may display to his subjects' detriment, matches the egoism of his victim. It may be annoying to see Virginia Woolf putting frills disdainfully on her Mr. Wells, her Mr. Bennett, her Mr. Conrad, who look absurd in frills, but it has the temper of the creative act.

Virginia Woolf was a natural essayist. Her temperament was especially aware of the fact that one thing suggests another, that while we steer in one direction we continually drift off our course. Perhaps the drift is the real course; perhaps (this puzzled, reading lady pondered) it was "life itself." Now we may strongly doubt whether "life itself," that current rippling through the mind, is the central subject for the artist—though Sterne made something of it—for the artist has to abstract something first and make an arbitrary island on which to stand. Virginia Woolf herself seems to have stood on a stone of terror in her own world. But her writing is a number of ambiguous attempts on the part of an isolated mind to achieve intimacy with "life itself" and, the more she piles up the difficulties, the more elaborate the attempt. Ambiguous, for in some subjects, she intends no intimacy; she warned off a number of writers with the good manners, the iron tongue in the velvet cheek, of the perfect lady. The unfortunate Bennett to whom she was brilliantly unjust, must have felt she was trying to train a certain esteemed creeper over his plain bricks and mortar. Her elders, the Edwardians, did not present difficulty enough.

It was different when she turned to Parson Woodforde or the Reverend Cole, to the ingenuous like Goldsmith or Marryat, to the anonymous White. They had biographies, and biography is close to "life itself." What is the secret of Goldsmith? He is thrown into Fleet Street at the moment when patronage is dead; but he becomes one of the earliest successful authors of the new commercial literature. He has no education but he has lived. He never

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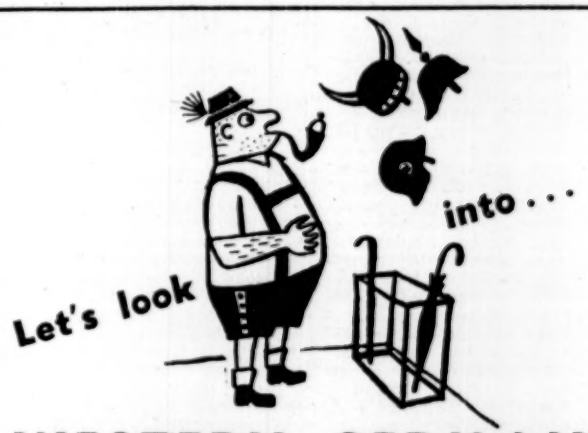

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JONATHAN CAPE

knows whether he is an essayist or novelist. The natural outlet for the essayist chafing at the shortness of the newspaper column was the novel.

> In those freer pages he had room to give his characters space to walk round and display themselves. Yet the *Vicar of Wakefield* keeps some of the characteristics that distinguish the more static art of the essayist. The characters are not quite free to go their own ways; they must come back at the tug of the string to illustrate the moral—

and this leads to the conclusion that:

> There is no margin of suggestion in this clear prose; it creates no popular and teeming silence which would be broken by the physical presence of the actors. Indeed, when we turn from Goldsmith's novel to Goldsmith's plays, his characters seem to gain vigour and identity by standing in the round.

That he transposes so well on the stage may suggest he had nothing very subtle to say. Perhaps Goldsmith's reticence concealed shallowness. And here we come close to the secret. What did that reticence conceal—anything or nothing? The critic darts in: "Lamb, Hazlitt, Montaigne, talk openly about themselves because their faults are small ones: Goldsmith was reserved because his foibles are of the kind men conceal:" his ludicrous mishaps in dress, his preoccupation with his ugliness and awkwardness, his poverty, his fear of ridicule.

So we may sum up her method. Did Woodforde shut up like a snail in his parsonical shell, keep his monstrous diary, because of a consuming desire for intimacy, a private enchantment with the glimmering trial of a modest life? She discovers that White of Selborne has no face: there is no portrait. Marryat, the dying captain, keeps roses pressed under his bed. Walter Raleigh was a professor in order to punish literature for not being life. He burst out at last, flew to Baghdad whooping with pleasure in a war, and died. Did Selina Trimmer look back upon the amorous ambiguities of Chatsworth with a Quaker's nostalgia; was she never tempted, at any rate, to tell a tale or, in self-congratulation, to remark that she could if she cared? Where there are people in these essays the novelist awakens; here in literature there is security, humour, tolerance, intimacy and in the task of shaping and appointing her thought to the 2,000 words, the austerity of Virginia Woolf's mind is absorbed. Elsewhere, in the essays on reading, reviewing, on Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown, we are aware of another person. She is a lady arranging herself under a tree in the garden to read. It takes some time to settle, to consider whether sun and shade are right, to look at the view, to wonder whether she would not be better in the house. Phrases, caustic or inquiring, are sent out: "the art of letter writing has now reached a stage, thanks to the penny post and telephone; where it is not dead—that is the last word to apply to it—but so much alive as to be quite unprintable." We listen to a voice which appears to be tuning up, fidgetting, soliloquising and disentangling itself from the hundred distractions of life, before it prepares to address us on some urgent theme. But presently the restless figure gets up and goes in. That disentanglement, that restlessness under the tree, was the address. The idea was that any subject turned out to be "life itself" as it ripples through the mind.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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THE GERMAN PROBLEM

The Struggle For Germany. By DREW MIDDLETON. *Wingate.* 12s. 6d.

Ever since the beginning of the war, over ten years ago now, the pundits have exercised their ingenuity on the resolution of the German problem. During the war, necessarily, their attempts were theoretical. Much was written to show where the course of German history had deflected from the peaceful norm, and why; and these attempts were not without their effect, at least upon the Labour movement. When peace came, the Labour Party entered its sphere of responsibility for Germany with a great deal of sound knowledge on things to do and things not to do. Five years afterwards, through circumstances almost entirely within our control, these early intentions are seen to have had little or no practical effect. The German problem in all its scabrous horror stares us in the face as balefully as ever before.

But the time for theorising is past. The blueprints are all being cast overboard. What has now to be decided is no longer the means of making Germany peaceful and prosperous, but the practical question of alliance and rearmament. It is no use playing the sorcerer's apprentice—the cry of alarm, *Die ich rief, die Geiste, werd' ich nun nicht los!* will only call down chidings that one forgets the greater danger, the Russian danger. Are we or are we not to rearm Germans as our allies against Communism? That is the shape of the German problem to-day.

Mr. Middleton, whose self-assured but superficial study brings us the thoughts of an American observer in Germany, would answer in the affirmative. Everything, for Mr. Middleton, is pretty much the fault of the Russians. That being so, the choice is easy. "There are indications," he writes, "that a Western European association in alliance with the United States can halt the western expansion of the Soviet Union. But I submit that such an alliance is not complete, is not powerful unless it includes Germany, or as much of Germany as we have managed to hold for the West." Objections from France and Britain, he thinks, may reasonably be over-ruled, "since it is on the United States that the penalty for defeat in the cold war, which ultimately means armed conflict, will fall." Mr. Middleton seems not to have considered the effects of atom-bombing on the British Isles, not to speak of the rest of Western Europe.

This book presents, as well as any, the dilemma of the middle-of-the-road American in Europe. Believing, as Mr. Middleton does (and repeats with a feverish vigour through many pages), that there is no essential difference between Nazism and Communism, he is driven to see whatever the Russians do and say in the blackest terms. The Russians, for Mr. Middleton, can do no right. If they seem to sever their Zone from the Western Zones, they are undermining the unity of Germany and Europe. If on the contrary, they press for better trade relations between East and West in Germany, it is because they "know that once trade ties, in the form of pacts and agreements, are concluded between East and West Germany, the task of drawing the German Federal Republic out of the Western orbit will be much easier." While accepting Western Germany as an ally, however, Mr. Middleton also affords himself the moral luxury and comfort of condemning much that goes forward in Western Germany. "There are too many Americans at home and abroad," he writes, "who, overfrightened by the Soviet Union, are willing to condone relations with men whose black past is forgotten merely because they are anti-Communist. This is almost obscene when you think of the long rows of graves. It is also bad tactics." But sober thinking, after all, ought to begin at home.

From this dilemma Mr. Middleton emerges rather shakily with the proposal that things in Germany may not be so bad as they seem; and that in any case there is nothing to do but accept them as best one can, "since we must not lose Germany." He does so, it is true, with some discomfort. But his conclusion—that a German people "freed of the old authoritarianism of the right and the new totalitarianism of the left is our best, indeed our only ally"—is worthless, however true, precisely because he accepts the premises and policies of the Western occupying Powers upon which the return of the old authoritarianism of the right is, as may now be plainly seen, inevitable. Mr. Middleton is moralising in an intellectual vacuum.

BASIL DAVIDSON

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The Fox Sisters. By MAGDALEN KING-HALL. *Peter Davies.* 9s. 6d.

After reading five novels, all utterly unlike in style, subject and treatment, I find myself puzzling over the question of the proper distance between the writer, his work and the reader. Thus two of these novels strike me, though for different reasons, as too far away and another two as two close to the eye. Oddly enough in both types I felt the author's shadow interposed between me and his book. Only in one of the five did the writer seem to me to have projected the work to just the right distance.

In *The Seeker and the Sought* Marie Baumer, having come to grips with her material and moulded it to the exact shape she wants, leaves the reader the proper illusion of experiencing something on his own. In fiction, the thriller seems to be becoming the characteristic form of this century. From simple entertainment it has developed into a dramatisation of private, social, even spiritual conflicts. Miss Baumer uses her thriller as a parable on the theme "Am I my brother's keeper?" A terrified, sobbing boy implores shelter from a respectable citizen in an American suburb. The man prudently shuts the door on him. Then, stung by guilt, he proceeds to upset the whole routine of his private and his office life by trying to track the boy through the New York underworld. Walter Williams takes considerable personal risk; he finds the boy; he can even be said to rescue him. Yet in the very act of rescuing him he also betrays him. He has done considerably more than could be expected of him as a "good citizen" yet just failed to take on a personal and human responsibility. Miss Baumer shows how, could Williams have managed to go one step further, he might have brought

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something new and real into his own mass-produced life and opened a door for other people. Having failed his chance, he recovers and even enhances his respectable prestige. In doing so he drives the boy and others deeper into bitterness and isolation. When he emerges from the breakdown which so reassuringly excuses his "abnormal" behaviour, he is still haunted by the sound of weeping. But the weeping is no longer urgent and on his own doorstep; "he could not tell from whence it came."

The Seeker and the Sought, hardly longer than a *nouvelle*, moves swiftly from first page to last but there is nothing slick or scamped about it. Each person is a brilliant little portrait; every atmosphere—suburban apartment, shady pub, the meeting-room of a "Spiritual Adviser," the hunted boy's hide-out—is perfectly conveyed. One of the best things in the book is the ambiguous figure of Dr. Hood, comforter (at not too exorbitant a fee) of the afflicted; a personage at once bogus and sincere and alarmingly convincing. The people in Miss Baumer's underworld are properly sinister, yet they are pathetic too. She subtly conveys that they appear even more sinister than they are to the frightened Williams. Still more subtly she suggests that all these thieves and thugs, pimps and power-addicts exist in our own private underworld, that psychologically we are both seeker and sought. The book is both exciting and sober, ironical and compassionate. And, from the technical point of view, it seems to me, as I said before, to be perfectly "placed" both as regards writer and reader.

Both *The Beautiful Visit* and *The Brave Bulls* struck me, however, as being "placed" too near the author. Though wildly unlike in subject and style, they gave me the same sense of the writer being so personally involved in his theme that he often conveys, not the image itself but his own emotion at perceiving it. In *The Beautiful Visit* Miss Howard attempts to "get her distance" by projecting her sensitive young woman's girlhood back into an Edwardian past she herself is too young to have experienced. At times she succeeds uncannily well in reproducing the atmosphere and the mental climate of the years before and just after World War I but it lacks the edge of the direct impact. On the other hand she often invests it with a dream-like quality that gives her country house something of the fascination of the château in *Le Grand Meaulnes*. Though she makes the mistake of falling in love with her young girl so that the "I" of the story becomes more and more ravishingly lovely and more and more to be pitied as her long (far too long) narrative fills the girl's imaginary notebooks, Miss Howard is interesting and original. Often too acid or too luscious, occasionally priggish, she has true imagination and a kind of sensuous power. She creates a wonderful atmosphere of uneasiness and oppression in the episode where the girl becomes companion to a half-mad widow. She can also draw scenes with ironic brilliance, as in the supper party with the bank clerks. Hers seems to me to be a remarkable talent, still in the awkward age, full of angles and scowls and posturings before the looking glass but potentially far more exciting than that of many neater and better-mannered first-novelists.

Nothing could be less like the intense, introverted, feminine *The Beautiful Visit* than *The Brave Bulls*, a violent, vivid, blusteringly (at moments almost hysterically) masculine novel about Mexican bulls, bullfighters, bull-breeders and bull-addicts. But here again the writer (Tom Lea is first and foremost a painter) is so close to his subject that he entangles both himself and the reader. If Miss Howard is tiring to read at times, it is because she forces us to peer myopically through a mist and to strain our ears to catch a whisper. Mr. Lea is exhausting because he dazzles us with a blur of violent colours and deafens us with a rush of expressive, but sometimes incoherent words. Colours and shapes become blurred at such close range and few people can stand up to so many emotional punches without becoming numbed and dizzy. Mr. Lea has so much genuine vigour and vitality, such a keen eye and ear and nose, that it seems a pity he cannot sometimes let the reader stop to get his breath. He reminds me irresistibly of a friend of whom another friend said "X would be excellent company *slightly stunned*." However, the emotion aroused by bullfighting may not be of the kind that can be successfully recollected in tranquillity. Like the matador, the writer on bullfighting may have to work as close as possible to the bull and the reader must take the risk of being emotionally tossed and gored.

A Morning at the Office by Edgar Mittelhölzer goes to the other extreme. Here the writer is so deliberately detached that his image, though perfectly in focus, is minimised as if seen through the wrong end of field-glasses. He describes, wittily enough, a few hours in a Trinidad office, making a neat comedy of class barriers (represented by subtle gradations of colour and nice distinctions between "good" and "bad" hair), sexual attractions and private grievances among the staff. Aloof and amused, determined to keep his animalculae well under the microscope, Mr. Mittelhölzer unwisely slips the book itself on the slide. By introducing an author who expounds his own particular method of writing fiction he wrecks his careful perspective and dissolves his novel. In *The Fox Sisters* Magdalen King-Hall produces another of her ingenious pastiches. To use people who once lived but whom the writer knows only from biography and conjecture as characters in a novel is a double temptation to put one's subject at too long range. Up to a point Miss King-Hall exercises her inventive imagination convincingly enough on the Fox sisters and their background, the first spiritualistic circles of America. Writing, with occasional lapses, in the style of the period, she nearly makes a moving figure of Maggie Fox, caught between the strong wills of the sister who exploits her supposed psychic powers and the lover who forces her to renounce her profitable séances and whose snobbery leaves her penniless. Yet Miss King-Hall is never deeply enough committed to her subject to exercise real imaginative force on it. Reconstruction, however lively and credible, is not the same as creation. We admire the skill with which the author has "got up" the period but we have an uncomfortable sense that it is this skill rather than the characters and events that are meant to focus our attention. At any rate I constantly had the sense that each time these shadowy figures seemed about to warm into a life of their own, Miss King-Hall intervened and gently thrust them back into the keepsake album.

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"The Englishman who crosses the Atlantic to-day," declares Mr. Nichols at the beginning of his new book of American impressions, "is no longer crossing from the Old World to the New; he is crossing from the New to the Old." Here is no sudden paradox, but a truth grown quietly more visible through the last three decades. A truth unpalatable to most Americans: amiable and Anglophile ones rebuked me for just such a remark eight years ago; not only did they hold it hurtful, but positively harmful to Anglo-American relations. Apparently the illusion of belonging to a "young" continent, and of imagining all Europe as an old-folks' home is not lightly to be discarded.

Yet already in the Thirties, crossing from a Tory England, you were surprised to hear "nice" Americans rail against reforms which "nice" English had accepted fifty years before; intelligent Americans would ostracise with the potent words "from the wrong side of the tracks"; American Liberals were eloquent against our *raj* in India, yet gravely put out if you mentioned the obstacles in the way of a Negro voting in the South.

And now, with England turned to the Left, and frightened Americans developing an almost Confucian reverence for that complex of behaviour called the "American way of life"; with American Liberals, that mildest of species, gone trembling underground: and Lattimore harried as a Communist through the corridors of the State Department because he dares to advocate withdrawal of recognition from Chiang Kai-shek; in these circumstances, how wide stretches the psychological gulf between our two continents, just at a time when, largely through American magnanimity, political co-operation between us grows closer than ever before.

The two books under review give some idea of its width. They are both by deft reporters with loyal "middle-brow" followings. One deals with America, the other with England, in the last years. Here all resemblance ends.

Conformity, the excessive acceptance of customs and taboos, may have often saved Asia; but its effects on the Western world are invariably disastrous. For some reason, our civilisation demands that custom be constantly called in question, and that every generation mock the principles of its forerunner. Above all, when you write of a foreign country, you must be a rebel against your own. To paraphrase Sterne, "they order these things better abroad" must be your motto.

The post-war Mr. Nichols is evidently a genuine enough rebel. He is no Socialist—but then how can one these days be both rebel and Socialist?—but he is one of those many people who, hating injustice, yet doubt whether the dull rigours of a planned economy are the only remedy against it. Escaping to the "rugged individualism" of America, therefore, he is prepared to be excited by it, to allow it even a virtue—the breeding of ambition, which he considers has been too lightly banished from this country.

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But the riches and zest of American life do not blind him to the blemishes—the lamentable housing of the poor, the anachronistic horror of the Negro problem, the fear and instability that haunt the American mind. His observations are often profound, his details, such as the noise of the fruit-machines at Reno, or the horrors of Christmas on Sunset Boulevard, his indignation when he talks of racial discrimination in the South, are endowed with a vigour that carries them through the crust of his journalese. From internal evidence, however, it would seem to be a collection of articles hurriedly written for the American press and never properly revised. For instance, apart from the cliché-ridden "intimate" style which, far from lending guts, drains blood from an otherwise valuable report, Mr. Nichols too is maddeningly loose in his spelling of proper names. "Faubergé" he says, and "Bronzini" and "Helen Hodgkinson." Nevertheless here is curiosity and a point of view.

Neither the one nor the other inform Miss Hahn's account of her recent sufferings in England. Miss Hahn served her apprenticeship in the "glossies"; she knows what her admirers want; and she is to the life the high-spirited American woman who makes the party go. Upon poor tattered England she turns just that quizzical eye which with "Mr. Fan" and "Miss Jill" won her so many admirers among all who had never been to China.

For such a task, curiosity, a spirit of revolt, a point of view, would have been a positive impediment. She may once have revolted to the extent of going off to China; but this voyage, one suspects, was less a revolt against country than family. Certainly in her latest pages, the perfection of American "home" is explicit. So Miss Hahn holds up the exhausted impoverished English for amused inspection; rather as Sir Samuel Baker had his little joke at the expense of the tribes round Albert Nyanza. Englishmen only talk when drunk, Englishwomen are inevitably dowdy, the English don't work—the formulas parade to a commentary of invincible brightness. To be just, however, in her account of her housekeeper's venom, a recognisable contour of English life in the West becomes visible.

Mr. Nichols's book is full of caricatures, an art at which he excels; but at least when he visits the prophet telepathetically inspired from Tibet to lead the rich out of danger from the atom bomb into the shelter of a desolate Colorado valley, he is quick to say that not all Americans are thus mad, or all English entirely sane. If Miss Hahn could once share his rebellious, generous spirit, could once admit that discomfort and boredom exist also in America, much of her whimsey would become palatable. But she is a Westerner, unconsciously ill from reverence.

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THE EXTRAORDINARY EDGEWORTHS

Maria Edgeworth. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Maria Edgeworth. By P. H. NEWBY. *Arthur Barker.* 6*s.*

The spectacle of a large, successful, harmonious and affectionate family is so unusual nowadays, both in fact and fiction, as to be positively startling. And when, in addition to all the prosperity and fondness, the creative artist in the midst is found to be frustrated by neither circumstances nor parents, but, on the contrary, stimulated and encouraged by her father, her three stepmothers and her twenty-one brothers and sisters—then the scene becomes so smoothly dreamlike as to yield almost the sinful pleasures of escapist fiction.

I tremble to think what Miss Compton-Burnett would have made of the Edgeworths. All her classic material is here—the country mansion, the enormous family, the dominant father, the ambiguous eldest son, the innumerable highly articulate and conversable children. Mr. Edgeworth above all, with his great talent, energy, self-esteem and uxoriousness, his self-imposed duty of turning his eldest daughter into a famous writer, might well have been a heaven-sent inspiration to that venom-secreting pen.

Yet the extraordinary thing is that the strains and tensions of a complex and close-knit family life, the taut strings which Miss Compton-Burnett would so remorselessly have plucked, seem simply not to have been felt by the Edgeworths at all. They loved each other and adored their extraordinary father; and it is clearly the very high degree of domestic happiness of Maria Edgeworth's long and successful life which has given Miss Clarke a specially feminine satisfaction in writing her biography.

She loves and admires Miss Edgeworth (as everybody must—there is no biographer living with sufficient spleen to make *her* nasty) and is fascinated by the fact of her living for eighty-two years, unmarried, in the bosom of her enormous family, without ever—at least we never hear of it—a cross word. Equally extraordinary are her relations with her father, for he was, in fiction too, her only begetter. He set her tasks in writing as a child, coached, scolded and forced her talent in adolescence, and even in successful maturity only slightly relaxed his editorial control. It has often been said that Maria Edgeworth, good though she was, would have been an even better writer without the weight of his controlling, censoring hand; but this now seems a little doubtful. What she lost in spontaneity she gained in discipline. She needed the fertilising touch of his restless and original mind, and had been so wholly bred to the moralising tradition of the late eighteenth century that her literary inspiration, quite apart from her father, was partly *in* those moral precepts which life and experience perpetually underlined.

> He left me always (she wrote) at full liberty to use or reject his hints, throwing new materials before me with the profusion of genius and of affection. There was no danger of offending or disappointing him by not using what he offered . . . He forgot his gifts almost as soon as he had made them—thought the ideas were mine, if they appeared before him in any form in which he liked them; and if never used, he never missed, never thought of inquiring for them. Continually he supplied new observations on every passing occurrence, and *wakened the attention* with anecdotes of the living or of the dead.

There is a great deal of material available to the biographer of Maria Edgeworth. Most of it is contained in a memoir and a vast collection of letters printed, but not published, by Maria's third step-mother (her father married four times, so that there was forty-eight years' difference between his eldest and his youngest child) and of which there is a copy in the British Museum. Maria was a copious, vivid and fascinating letter-writer, and it must be the profusion of material as well as the distracting size of the Edgeworth family which makes Miss Clarke, for all her partiality, a little careless. Thus, she tells us that *Castle Rackrent* was the only book which Maria wrote without any interference from her father, and then, a little later, that *Griselda* was written in secret, "without saying a word to her father," who never saw it until after it was published. She also wrote a serious novel and several children's books after his death. There are several little discrepancies of this sort, but they do not spoil the unpretentious domestic charm of the book.

Mr. P. H. Newby, in his brief sketch for the English Novelists Series, feels, as one would expect, considerably less affection for Miss Edgeworth, and is very little interested in her domestic life. He does, however, do Mr. Edgeworth justice, and refuses to fall into the easy trap of thinking him merely an interfering bore. He pays, too, constructive attention to Maria Edgeworth's quality as a writer, presenting her less as a female phenomenon than as a novelist who inspired Scott and influenced Turgenev, and who has still, even in these neglectful days, a most fresh and racy flavour.

By the by, if Mr. Newby ever has an idle moment it will amuse him to count the number of times, in this very small book, that he has said "of course." Of course, it is not important; but one notices it, of course.

MARGARET LANE

LAUGHING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

The Hawksmoor Scandals. By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD. *Harrap.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Henry Plumdew. By C. E. VULLIAMY. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Father of the Bride. By EDWARD STREETER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

All This and That. By DAMON RUNYON. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Four books, two American, two English, all purposefully bent on amusing and entertaining. The native pair go further: they are documents, political and social, which under a sugaring of comedy offer the pill of instruction. Mr. Hollowood is furious about the Steel Bill, Mr. Vulliamy is curious about our manners; the other two gentlemen are neither furious nor curious, and for one reason or another come much better out of it. Is there some lesson in this? Can there be some national distinction which restrains American humorous writers, while impelling a social historian to write like a *Punch* contributor and a *Punch* contributor to write like Poor Poll? Probably not. In any case, what matters is their degree of success, and there is not much doubt about that.

The Hawksmoor Scandals is a diatribe against the proposal to nationalise parts of the Iron and Steel industry. To present his case, Mr. Hollowood imagines a boy called Jim Marlowe at Hawksmoor School, who is attacking the proposal in a school debate, and writes for assistance to his father. Father obliges; and we are presented with the curious spectacle of a political pamphlet wrapped up in jokes about spelling and pocket-money and Parents' Matches. The result is scarcely happy. I am not an expert in the particular issue involved; but, if Mr. Hollowood's arguments are as shaky as his humour, the Government should have little to worry about.

Henry Plumdew is less simple. It is a fictional autobiography, a history of the years 1938–1948, seen through the eyes of a brisk and eccentric elderly gentleman. This is rarely a satisfactory form of composition; and as Mr. Vulliamy not only appends notes of his own, but also appears as a character, confusion sets in early. It would be easy to sneer at this book, with its parade of culture and flight into metaphysics and the

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Durban Roodepoort Deep

Mr. W. M. Frames' Speech

THE annual meeting of Durban Roodepoort Deep, Ltd., was held in Johannesburg on May 2.

Moving the adoption of the report and accounts, Mr. W. M. Frames, the Chairman, said that devaluation of the South African currency on September 19 had increased the price of gold by 75s. 9d. to the present price of 248s. 3d. an ounce and had thus materially improved the economic outlook of the goldmining industry during the last quarter of the year. The position had been further improved by the arrangements made to sell a portion of the gold output for industrial and artistic purposes at enhanced prices, but the additional revenue obtained from those sales was small by comparison with that obtained from the increase in the price of gold. The increase in revenue from those sources had permitted a general increase in European and non-European wages and other benefits and had widened the profit margin of the industry as a whole.

That in turn had allowed the grade of ore which could be profitably mined to be lowered. Large tonnages of developed but previously unpayable ore had been added to reserves and the percentage of payability potentialities of areas as yet undeveloped had naturally been considerably enhanced. Reclamation prospects had also improved.

Operations at the mine had again been adversely affected by a shortage of European underground labour which had persisted throughout the year.

Compared with the previous year, however, tonnage milled had increased by 39,000 to 2,026,000 tons. The yield per ton milled at 3.679 dwts. had shown an increase of 0.036 dwt. Mainly as the result of devaluation, revenue per ton milled had increased by 5s. 1d. to 36s. 7d. On the other hand, working costs had risen by 1s. 11d. to 28s. 1d. per ton milled principally due to higher wages and improved benefits granted to employees after devaluation and to increases in commodity prices. In consequence of those variations, the working profit for the year had increased by £333,780 to £861,093.

The net profit was £770,122. Capital expenditure had amounted to £198,803, provision for silicosis outstanding liabilities had totalled £30,340, provision for taxation had accounted for £80,434, forfeited dividends refunded to shareholders had absorbed £5,118, and dividends declared during the year accounted for £435,938.

Development accomplished during the year had increased by 12,488ft to 82,114ft, while footage sampled at 50,465ft had been 7,465ft more than in the previous year.

As the result of devaluation and the consequent lowering of the pay limit, 1,093,000 tons of previously unpayable ore had been added to the available reserves in the latter part of the year.

At December 31, the available ore reserve had been estimated to be 8,841,000 tons of an average value of 4.3 dwts. over a stoping width of 60.4 ins.

During the first three months of the current year, working profit had been £328,780 and additional revenue from sales of gold at enhanced prices had amounted to £20,714.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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Plebs

Contents of May Issue

"The Middle-Class Problem," by Arthur Woodburn M.P.; "The Burning Question of Wages," by H. A. Turner; "The Long Term Dollar Problem," by Roy Jenkins, M.P.; "Training Colonial Trade Unionists," by P. Tofahrn; "Joint Consultation—A Fundamental View," by Samuel Swift; "Some Weaknesses in Trade Union Education," by J. P. M. Millar; "A Socialist's Diary," etc., 4d., by post 5d. or 3/- per year from the N.C.L.C. Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"The Early Days of the Labour Party," by Lord Shepherd, 1/-, by post 1/1d.

prescience in square brackets. But in fact there is good writing in it, especially in the descriptions of London during the blitz; there is a real feeling for place, and the harvest of an observant eye. What cripples it and makes it finally wearisome is again the manner in which it is told. Mr. Vulliamy has small gift for character; neither Henry Plumdew, the narrator, nor his elder brother Arthur come to life: while the comic supporting cast, with their comic names—Jezebel Creighk, Honor Twirple, Major Bloodway-Billington—are for the most part pointless caricatures. It is always dangerous to end a paragraph "Had the author written," but here the temptation is very strong; for this might have been an important book to the historian of the future, instead of the present unhappy mixture of the significant, the trivial and the would-be funny.

The dollar bloc presents a brighter picture. *Father of the Bride* is precisely what you would expect from an American book with that title and illustrations by Gluyas Williams. These sketches of a middle-class small-town father whose daughter finally elects to marry, and the carefully typical events that lead up to the wedding reception, are so obvious and so familiar that you are surprised to find yourself amused by them. We have had it all before, in *Quiet Wedding* and a dozen others; no doubt we shall have *Mother of the Groom* and *Cousin of the Best Man* and *Daughter of the Bridesmaid* to follow. Then they, like this, will be made into films, to be gone to without enthusiasm and smiled at while they are on. All very slight and mechanical; yet Mr. Streeter can manage his material deftly; and at least you know where you are with him.

The latest, posthumous collection of stories by Damon Runyon is a surprise. Up to now English readers have known him by his Broadway stories and the odd newspaper columns collected in *Short Takes*. Now, with *All This and That*, we are introduced to the other Runyon, the barefoot boy with cheek, whose grandfather joined in the Californian Gold Rush, whose father fought the Cheyenne Indians, and who himself served in the Philippine campaign of 1898. There are two stories in his later manner, neither of them particularly good. It is the scenes of life out West in the old days, and the army and hobo pieces which show the unexpected Runyon, and make one realise that he is considerably more of a writer than the more familiar books would suggest.

What he has got is what none of the other authors in this quartet even approach—a good subject presented in a style which fits it admirably. Possibly he had read Kipling: his verse suggests it, and the army tales in particular smack of *Soldiers Three*. In any case, he bears comparison with that master. *The Defence of Strikerville*, a story of the early days of strike-breaking and what happened when some ex-regular soldiers joined the strike-breaking militia, is obviously destined for a long career in the anthologies. His hobo stories are just as good, and more demonstrably original. If there is a more brutally macabre story than *The Informal Execution of Soupbone Pew* in modern American fiction, I do not want to read it.

The gifts displayed in this book suggest the curious thought that for all his worldly triumphs Damon Runyon in fact missed his vocation. Born and bred a newspaperman, but endowed with a creative writer's flair, he might have been to the Western States what Mark Twain was to the Southern; as it was, he amused and delighted his readers with Broadway. Harry the Horse, and Sorrowful Jones and Mindy's restaurant have become as familiar as Dr. Strabismus and Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot. But, like them, they stand small chance of survival. Other funny men cover the contemporary scene, and the dead man's jokes are too obscure to tickle posterity. In his own home and upbringing Runyon found material which did not depend on tricks of style or witticisms for its appeal: had he chosen to stay with it, he might by now have been one of the minor glories of his country's literature: as it is, we can be thankful for the taste *All This and That* gives of his true quality.

FRANK HAUSER

Through Five Generations. By R. H. MOTTRAM AND COLIN COOTE. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

This history of the Butterley Company, a Nottinghamshire coal, steel and engineering enterprise founded in the Napoleonic era by John Wright, and controlled ever since by the Wright family, is in intention anti-Socialist propaganda. Armed with the historical material quarried by his collaborator, Mr. Coote is out to argue that, in so far as nationalisation has replaced efficient, paternal private enterprise, we have lost a precious asset. That the Butterley collieries were well-managed is undeniable; and the management, at any rate in the fifty years before Vesting Day, was enlightened enough to see that attention to "welfare"—housing, health and technical training—paid dividends in higher output per manshift. Mr. Coote, however, is too inclined to argue from the particular to the general. The fact that Butterley pits were efficiently planned, and equipped mechanically without stint, has little real bearing on the validity of the proposition that the mining industry as a whole was saved from collapse only by transfer to public ownership. There was much more behind the miners' demand for national control than the influence of the "extremists" whose intervention Mr. Coote deplores; and his insistence that the miners were kicking against the pricks when they refused again and again, from 1893 onwards, to have their earnings slashed viciously because coal prices weakened, betrays a curious lack of insight into the case against capitalism in the mining industry. And did the Butterley miners, before nationalisation, really have the respect and affection for the Wright family with which this book credits them? If so, it is a little odd that, in the 1921 stoppage, angry strikers drew the boiler-furnaces and kept the manager of Kirkby and Low Moor imprisoned for nine hours at the bottom of one of his shafts. Could it have been that some of them had been told of early Butterley history and the building by Francis Wright, in 1849, of a manor house with a 333-ft. frontage, while the wage for a 12-hour shift was 2s. 6d.? Even in the late 'sixties, the average earnings of Butterley miners were only 20s. a week. For the record it gives of such particulars, as well as for its account of industrial pioneering a century and a half ago, *Through Five Generations* is of value. Stripped of Mr. Coote's political glosses, it is the story of a skilfully and conservatively managed concern, which began its career with £30,000 and had, in 1946, assets whose market capitalisation was well over £5 millions. The Wright family did not do badly in those five generations.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,056

Set by J. B. Roderic

The galleon of the Armada wrecked in Tobermory Bay has at last been located. Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit the first lines (not more than 10) of a poem celebrating the occasion, in the ballad style of Macaulay, Cowper, Browning, Newbolt, or *Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1053

Set by C. H. Rolph

The "judicial homily," by which the judge or magistrate sharpens, softens, or rationalises the sentence he is about to pass, deserves the attention of some irreverent anthologist. Example, from the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*: "Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably brought up, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks." The usual prizes are offered for 100-word homilies addressed by a modern judge to Robin Hood, Galileo, Sir Thomas More, Bunyan, Casanova, Karl Marx, Tom Paine, Shelley, Parnell or Horatio Bottomley.

Report by C. H. Rolph

Over 100 entrants, who appear to have enjoyed themselves savagely: collected and published, their work would make a superb *vade mecum* for all new Judges on appointment. Some had to be disqualified because they chose a contemporary idiom—it had to be a *modern* Judge; others because they addressed homilies to defendants found not guilty (when all a Judge can properly say is "You are discharged"—though I once heard a Recorder illogically declaim "Go, and sin no more"). Some, like Edward Blishen with his delicious "I can't understand it, Hood," failed because they were pedagogic rather than judicial—though they were not so remote from reality as the ones whose Judges said Mr. Shelley, Mr. Paine, Mr. Casanova, and so on; and others because, though they must have known that one mild judicial crack can send Fleet Street dizzy, they packed their homilies with brilliant puns from beginning to end. There had to be marks for verisimilitude. Prizes of a guinea each to the following, and respectful condolences to most of the others:

JOHN BUNYAN

Prisoner at the bar, after a normal youth and early manhood, with sport, marriage and military service playing their accustomed parts, you weakmindedly capitulated to religious mania. You deserted your family, troubled the authorities, offended those wiser than yourself and misled those even more foolish. Short imprisonments did not suffice to bring home your errors—rather you misused them by fabricating Utopian propaganda. I have no alternative to sending you for a really substantial period to a place where you will be a nuisance to none but your gaolers, and will receive such qualified medical attention as your case requires. R. J. P. HEWISON

GALILEO

The public must be protected, and I am here to see that it is protected. People must be able to walk the streets without the danger of receiving on their heads missiles dropped from public buildings.

It is no defence to say that you are conducting a scientific experiment. The fact is you were behaving like a hooligan, and your ridiculous experiment would tell you nothing you could not have learned from a work of reference in the public library.

That the person injured happened to be a foreigner—a Greek gentleman named Aristotle—is not an extenuating circumstance. GOODWILL

SHELLEY

No one upholding family sanctity can give you the custody of your children. It is typical of to-day that a man with your advantages of birth and suitable education should have wasted his life. You were sent to Eton, with unrivalled opportunities for a wholesome normal life with clean English boys; you attended my own College in a University renowned for its love of our finest traditions. By application and clean living you might have become a clergyman or even a distinguished lawyer. Instead, Bolshevist and hoggish influences have made you a writer of meaningless ephemera in the modern style. IMMERITA

ROBIN HOOD

You appear to have had the advantage of an expensive education and you are, there is little doubt, the son of a peer. Nevertheless, you have allowed yourself to fall under the influence of the cinematograph. At a time when you might have been about the business of your estates, you deliberately chose to disregard the obligations of your birth and to assume the leadership of a gang of hooligans. You are fortunate in having fallen into the hands of justice in time to save your family from further shame. For their sakes, it is with the greatest reluctance that I sentence you to. . . . COLIN SHAW

CASANOVA

Yours is a distasteful case: you came to this country masquerading as a nobleman and you abuse this privilege by standing here convicted of desertion, seduction, abduction, bigamy and mental cruelty all at the same time. In these trying times it is revolting to see a middle-aged fraud like you constantly deceiving and seducing inexperienced girls when he should know better. A case like yours raises the question whether we dare admit any more Latin visitors to this country if the first thing they do is to corrupt our morals.

ROBIN HOOD

Your counsel has endeavoured to mitigate the seriousness of your offences by attributing them to the unsettled state of the post-Crusade era and to your misguided theories of practical Socialism. This cannot excuse the indiscriminate use of your ugly weapon against property; "bow-and-arrow boys" will receive stringent treatment in this Court. The responsibility for distributing wealth is a task which can be performed by His Majesty's Ministers to any extent deemed necessary and without the violence which characterises your acts. Your sagittarian gifts would have been better employed in the Holy Land than in the distress of persons of substance.

D. R. PRIDY

CHESS: Missed Opportunities

No. 36

Perhaps I should say: "More missed opportunities"; and there may be still more to come. I, at any rate, mustn't miss the opportunity of using at least some of the copious material sent in by readers on the subject of The Might Have Been.

It must be the streak of *Schadenfreude* inherent in all of us that makes us get a thrill out of an opportunity missed rather than grasped—particularly when the victim happens to be a famous expert. But R. C. Woodthorpe prefers to tell a story against himself. To miss the chance of brilliancy against so redoubtable a master as W. Winter must be particularly galling. Here's what happened:

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) B-Q3	B-Q3
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(10) Kt-B3	O-O
(3) B-B4	Kt-B3	(11) B-B5	B-Kt2
(4) Kt-Kt5	P-Q4	(12) Q-R3	P-KR3
(5) P x P	Kt-QR4	(13) Kt(3)-K4Kt x Kt	
(6) B-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(14) Kt x Kt	B-K2
(7) P x P	P x P	(15) P-Q3	P-Kt3
(8) Q-B3	Q-B2	(16) B x RP	KR-Q1

Here Woodthorpe (White) was tempted by (17) B x P. But who could afford so unsound a sacrifice against Winter? "He soon got the upper hand and made mincemeat of me," says Woodthorpe. Yet, by (17) B-Kt5! he could have scored a spectacular triumph over the master. Anyway, if the wound has not healed yet, he now gets the balm of a chessbook-token. So, too, does F. A. Rohden for telling us about a grand opportunity missed by somebody else. In this position—Wegemund-Schlage, Oynhausen 1922—White played Q-B4 and finally lost. Too late he saw that he could have decided the issue there and then by the truly spectacular move Q x BP.

P. B. Sarson has had second thoughts about the Schwingers-Urban position published on March 18th. Here it is again. Black had played K-B6 and White, instead of Kt-K5 (which would have drawn easily) played Kt-Kt2. There followed (2) . . . K-Q7, (3) K-R2, K-B7 and White resigned.

Now Sarson claims that White could still have drawn: e.g., by (4) K-R1, Kt-B6, (5) Kt-B4!!, etc. Sarson sent in two further variations carefully analysed, one starting with (4) K-R1, Kt-B8 and the other with (4) K-R1, P-Q5. He claims a draw every time. He may be right. But, after a few minutes' reflection, I am not sure. Is there a flaw in the variation starting with (4)..Kt-B8? Again I am not sure. Let the combined ingenuity of our competitors decide the issue. Sarson, of course, has already earned a book-token for his contribution. But, if he is proved wrong, he will lose seven points in the "100-up" competition. These will go to all competitors who find a refutation of Sarson's claim. Should it stand unchallengable, we will not count it in the "100-up" competition. Anyhow, it is A of this week's competition. B rates only 4 points, C as much as 6. White to win in both.

B: T. V. Ulehla 1935 C: G. M. Kasparjan 1935

B is rather obvious, C not so easy, but uncommonly pretty. By way of a broad hint: both studies have this in common that in a description of their peculiar qualities the term "magnetic power" might not be amiss.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

(Set April 22)

A: (1) B-Qach, K-R1! (2) P-B4, Kt-Q7. (3) P-B5, Kt-K16. (4) P-B6, Kt-B4. (5) P-B7, Kt-B3! (6) P-B8(R)! Kt-K3ch. (7) K-Q8, K-Kt2. (8) R-B7ch, K-R3. (9) R-R7ch, K-Kt4. (10) R-Kt7ch, etc.

B: (1) K-Kt6, B-Kt2. (2) P-K6, K-Kt1. (3) P-K7, B-B1! (4) P-K8(R)! etc.

C: (1) P-B5, K-K7. (2) P-B6, K-B6. (3) P-B7, K-K5. (4) K-B6! K-B4. (5) P-K6, K-B3. (6) P-K7, K-B2. (7) P-B8(Q), R x Q. (8) P x R. (R), etc.

Having repeatedly tested the limits I could reasonably go to in the selection of either very easy or very difficult problems, I picked this last "pre-points" competition for experimenting with what was undoubtedly by far the most difficult set of studies I ever ventured to offer. Although (or maybe, because) each of them is restricted to a mere five pieces, here surely is very much "more than meets the eye." Prizes shared by Eric Allen and G. S. Whittuck, the only competitors who sent in completely correct solutions of all three. No one else got anywhere near the basic idea of A (probably the toughest of the lot); some competitors saw the idea of C, and a good many solved the relatively easy "side-line" of B (resulting from (1) . . . B-B1), while dodging the far less obvious issue arising out of (1) . . . B-Kt2. Congratulations for the winners. Not one of our prizes was harder to earn and better deserved.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

DOCTOR'S family seek seaside holiday (safe sands) middle August-beginning September. Choice restricted by expected presence 3-week old baby, 2 older children, 3 yrs. and 16 months. Could bring own maid. Suggestions welcomed. Box 6127.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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WHITSUN and Summer holidays: Our May bulletin is just out with a number of new holiday suggestions including Whitsun at a Norfolk Windmill, in Sussex or in Paris: Austrian holiday at £25 and a tour of Roman France by private motor coach. Full details: Rima Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS Bought. Libraries & smaller collections of interesting books on all subjects. K. J. Bredon's Bookshop (Second-hand dept.), 19 East St., Brighton (Tel. 22605).

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and offered by Continental Book Supply, 31A Chandcley Park, London, N.6. Tel. MOUntview 1482—postal business.

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GERMAN books: Libris, 50, Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! E. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amount advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass (11. = 14c). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Head of Television Programme Operations, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. The holder of this post (who will be deputy to the Head of Television Programmes) will be expected to co-ordinate the work of the Television Supply departments (i.e. Drama, Light Entertainment, Talks, Documentaries, Films, Music, Children's Programmes, Outside Broadcasts, Presentation, Design and Supply and Make-up and Wardrobe) both in the preliminary planning stages and in the day by day operational conduct of the service. Considerable ability both as regards general office organisation and the administration of finance will be called for. Specialist knowledge of more than one category of entertainment is desirable, and executive experience in the theatre, films, radio or journalism would be an asset. Starting salary £1,525 rising by £85 to £1,950 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "H. Tel. Ops. N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Principal. Salary £1,000 per annum (subject to review). The post is superannuable. Applics. with 2 testimonials & 3 referees are returnable by June 15. Particulars of the post may be obtained from the General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull, Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Staff Tutor for Literature and Drama classes. Special interest in Drama and Dramatic Art desirable. Salary scale for tutor with experience £550 × £50—£1,100, with a promotion bar at £850. Salary for probationary appointment £450, £500, £500. The appointment carries superannuation benefits and children's allowances are payable. Duties begin on Sept. 1, 1950. Particulars from the Registrar to whom 8 copies of the application should be sent by June 10, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first- or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, not under 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London, Senior Scientific Officers, £700 / £25–£900; Scientific Officers £400 / £25–£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant, Music Department, to act as assistant to the Conductor of the Opera Orchestra. Applicants should be professional musicians with experience of general orchestral work and special knowledge of opera. Practical experience in orchestrating and conducting is essential. Duties will include assistance at rehearsals of the Opera Orchestra, programme building and other duties connected with the broadcasts of this Orchestra. Starting salary £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional); rising by £40 to £890 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Music Asst. N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in charge of classification and cataloguing. A University degree, library experience, and a working knowledge of at least two foreign languages are essential. Salary scale £500 × £25—£700. The last date for the receipt of applications will be May 19, 1950. Further details and information, together with application forms, can be obtained from the Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent.

ESSEX County Council. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is not at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who would wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Air Force—Education Branch, Short Service Commissions. Duration 3, 4 or 5 years. Applications invited from candidates who are university graduates or otherwise entitled to recognition as qualified teachers. Minimum age 21 years. Physics, Mathematics, Electrical, Electronic, Radio, Aeronautical and Mechanical Engineering are main subjects required but appointments are also offered to men qualified in History and other Arts subjects, Teaching Method, etc. Pay on appointment depends on qualifications, experience and war service. Thus, a man aged 25 may draw pay up to £420 and, if married, marriage allowance of £337 a year. Single officers receive free furnished accommodation. All officers draw rations in kind or a tax-free allowance of £60 a year. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with university degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Permanent Commissions.—A few Permanent Commissions are offered to men aged 23-33 (upper limit relaxed for war service). Candidates should ordinarily be first or second class honours graduates in Electrical, Electronic, Radio, Aeronautical or Mechanical Engineering, Physics or Mathematics. Pay and allowances as for short service commissions. There is time promotion to Squadron Leader, in which rank pay and allowances can rise to £1,104 a year (plus tax-free allowance). Promotion beyond Squadron Leader is by selection. Retired pay varies with rank (e.g. £475 a year for Squadron Leader, £625 for Wing Commander, £825 for Group Captain, etc.). Women's Royal Air Force.—Vacancies exist for Education Officers on Short Service Commissions. Conditions and qualifications as for men except that pay rates are about three-quarters of those for men. Free furnished accommodation and rations are provided. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with university degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Full details and applications forms for all the above appointments from Air Ministry, A.R.1, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A short service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Short Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 4. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 5. Apply Director (P), Educ. Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details & appl. forms.

THE Council of University College, Dundee, invites applications from university graduates for a post of Assistant Librarian at University College, Dundee, in the University of St. Andrews. Salary £350 rising by four annual increments to £400. Library experience is desirable. The post carries with it membership of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Applicants are requested to lodge with the Secretary, not later than May 20, eight copies of their application, which should state age, qualifications and experience, and include the names of two referees. Patrick Cumming, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Secretary and Treasurer, University College, Dundee.

CHILDREN'S Social Adjustment. Co-Educational Community Hostel-School in Hampshire for maladjusted children aged 9-15 reqs. expd. Asst. Teacher (man), for Science and Nature Study. Woodwork an advantage; two educated women as Domestic Assistants, wk. to incl. some cooking, must be good with children. C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, N.W.8.

THREE Counties Hospital, Arlesey, Beds. Social Worker reqd. for Psychiatric Social Work Department. Female preferred. Social Science Certificate essential. Salary £110 × £12 10s. to £135. Applics. as soon as possible to the Medical Superintendent or enquiries to the Psychiatric Social Worker.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LEICESTERSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Advisory Officer for Drama. Academic qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The person appointed will be employed at first only in further education but ultimately in schools as well and will form part of a team of advisory officers already appointed for art, music and crafts. Salary £550 by £25 to £700 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Teachers' Superannuation Act or the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Applications (no forms), with the names of three referees and two recent testimonials, should be forwarded to the undersigned within fourteen days of the publication of this advertisement. Stewart C. Mason, Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. St. Albans Division. Not for Collation under Hertfordshire Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Divisional Officer, A.P.T. Grade VI (£595-£660) for the St. Albans Divisional Executive. Candidates should possess a degree of a British University and should have had teaching and administrative experience. The successful candidate will commence at a point on the scale appropriate to him or her experience and qualifications. The appointment will be subject to either the Teachers' Superannuation Acts or the Local Government Superannuation Act. Letters of application (no forms), together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made should reach this Office within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. Divisional Education Officer, 96 Victoria St., St. Albans.

INTERNATIONAL university educational and relief organisation wishes to appoint General Secretary for Great Britain. Commencing salary approximately £600 p.a. Candidates should be graduates. For further information apply Box 6425.

DEVON County Council. Welfare Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of a fully experienced woman welfare officer, especially for work in connection with old people and duties under the National Assistance Act, 1948. Preference will be given to applicants holding Social Science Degree or Diploma or other specialist qualifications. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.V. of the A.P.T. Division of the National Scales of Salaries, viz. £520-£570 p.a. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned and should be completed and returned within 14 days of the date of the publication of this advertisement. The appointment is subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to satisfactory medical exam. H. A. Davis, Clerk, The Castle, Exeter.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapists (female) required at St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Salary £340-£390 p.a. if in possession of recognised qualification. Applications from unqualified Therapists may be considered, salary £290-£340. Conditions of service as laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee. The posts will be subject to the provisions of the National Health Service Superannuation Regulations and the passing of a medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with the names of two referees, should be forwarded within fourteen days of appearance of this advertisement, to the Physician Superintendent.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of Assistant in Publications Section to handle distribution and sales promotion. Salary about £400 according to age, rising to £525. Candidates should be under 30 and have had sales experience, preferably in a publishing house. Staff pension fund and liberal holidays. Apply in writing to the Medical Adviser and Secretary, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

ROYAL National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases, Bath (1200 beds). Medico-social worker, preferably trained or experienced, interested in rehabilitation of disabled, wanted soon for 3 or 4 months. Apply to Hospital Welfare Officer.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for 2 or 3 unestablished (i.e. non-pensionable) posts in H.M. Prison and Borstal Service. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, would involve the carrying out of intelligence, personality and prosecution, and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary scales: Men £350 × £10—£400 per annum; women £280 × £10—£320 per annum. Starting pay may be increased by two increments according to experience. Application forms from the Establishment Officer, E.84, 4, 3, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St., London, S.W.1, to be returned by May 24, 1950.

HOUSEMOTHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £175 p.a. × £15 to £250 p.a. plus full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16.

HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a. rising to £300 with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sydney. Lecturer in Italian. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Italian. The salary range is £500-£750 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £65 males, £35 females). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. Applicants, whose mother tongue must be English, should have specialised in Italian language and literature and hold an Honours Degree from a British University or the equivalent from an Italian University. First-class fare will be paid to Australia and the successful applicant will be required to commence duties as soon as possible. Further information may be obtained on application to the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Applications, supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees, should reach the undersigned not later than June 10, 1950. W. H. Mate, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

COMPREHENSIVE training in cooking and catering offered to young woman in modernly equipped kitchen of country house close sea. Small salary and keep. Box 6816.

MP. and wife owning farmhouse and 4 acres well-developed fruit, flower and general farm, want two congenial people to run house and co-operate on farm. Two rooms and share of produce and profits of sales. House fitted electricity, modern kitchen and bathroom Nr. two important market towns about 35 miles London. Box 6660.

CLUB Leader, full time, required Brady Boys' Club, old-established Jewish boys club East London. Modern, well-equipped premises, housing membership 300, aged 13-18, wide range activities, including Junior Club and country house. Applicant aged 25 (or near) to 35 should be well educated and have had varied experience, but not necessarily have been in charge of boys club before although he must have a call for this work. Salary at highest possible rate commensurate with ability. Reply, with full particulars, to Box 78, CRC, 29 Hertford St., London, W.1.

JEWISH national organisation invites applics. for post of Public Relations Officer. Applicants should have journalistic experience and must be capable of editing weekly bulletin; should have an over-all knowledge of printing, advertising and production of publicity material, and must be familiar with Zionist and Israel affairs. State qualifications, exp. and salary. Box 6496.

VACANCY for enterprising young lady interested international relations, prepared for really hard work & responsibility in expanding concern dealing with inter-family travel. Excellent memory, lively personality and sense of humour essential. Typing and languages useful. Previous exp. not essential. Write E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

HOUSEKEEPER, with interest in Social Work, for small Free Church Settlement. Apply Warden, 48 Kentwell Close, S.E.4.

COOK-Caterer (resident) for Women's Residential Hostel and Mixed Club. Townsend Club, 65 Church St., Birmingham, 3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OCCASIONAL assistance offered on audits, income tax work and financial investigations. 10s. 6d. per hour. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

SECRETARY of professional society offers share of services and London office to similar body. Box 6129.

MALE journalist, 24, single, sks. any post where culture, initiative, enthusiasm are required. London or abroad. Box 6256.

SCHOOLS

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 8 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla 0489.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 3 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd. N.W.11.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3, now full, but transport arranged for weekly boarders at Country School, Stanford Park, near Rugby (ages 4-10).

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford B.Sc.

WALDORF School, Hampstead, private day school for boys and girls, 4 to 18. At present children up to 10 years. Rudolf Steiner methods. HAM. 4021.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth G. Barnes, B.Sc. Scholarships available for Sept.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

DIVAN bed-sitting-room overlooking gardens in modern house near Kensington High St. Built-in wardrobe, built-in elec. fire, breakfast griller, linen, modn. bathrm., hot water. £2 15s. WEStern 9233.

QUIET, comfortable, convenient (1 minute Tube). B. & B. 14s. 6d., no surcharge. Big reduction doubles. Permanent B.B. & D., four gns. single, six gns. double. West Court Private Hotel, Earls Court, S.W.5. FRO. 6492.

SUNNY bed-sit. room. Breakfast. Use of bath. Private maisonnette, W.1. Available to quiet tenant not objecting to small child next room. 3gns. p.w. Box 6150.

A PLEASANT residential hotel for business people. Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/3 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

NEW York. Progressive American student & Englishh wife wish exchange small furn. Greenwich Village flat, mod. rent, constant h.w., c.h., frig., sunny outlook, for small flat London, furn./unfurn. Available August 3/4 years. Box 6170.

COUNTRY house accommodation 26 miles London, all conveniences, garden, garage; week-ends or longer. Marlow 529.

SMALL furnished flat to let from July, N. Devon farmhouse; c.l., calor gas, H. & C. Rent 3gns. weekly. Box 6136.

ASHDOWN Forest. Furn. bungalow £3 p.w., orchard, gar., c.l., Calor gas, Elsan. Sleep 7. J.-July, Sept. onwards. Box 6168.

WOMAN graduate, 2 yng. children, sks. unf. home London/suburbs, N.W. pref. Max. £3 wkly. Suggestions welc. Box 6038.

WANTED to rent June-September, small furnished house, cottage or bungalow, anywhere near fishing. Golf and tennis in vicinity an advantage. Particulars to BM/CAMLAN, London, W.C.1.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WOKING 30 mins. London. Double-fronted det. family res. Spacious entrance hall, 6 beds., 3 rec. Good domestic arrangements. Large garage, gd. gdn., sheds, various fittings. Television included. Very adaptable; £5,250 freehold vac. poss. Parr. Woking 1438.

WHERE TO STAY

HOLIDAYS in country house with extensive grounds, 8 miles from sea, interesting excursions. Farm produce, English and Continental cooking, special diets if wanted. From 4½gns. Cossington House Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset (under new management).

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks, literary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water in bedrooms, good fires.

HOTEL de Bordeaux, 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris 5. Metro: Maubert-Mutualite. Situated in Latin Quarter. Accommodation throughout year. All mod. cons.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country nr. Eastbourne. Own prod. Comfy beds, 3 acres gds. Ideal for Spring hol. Broch.: Te Whare Hotel, Horsm.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht annexe—3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

DEVON. Ayshford House, Sampford Peverell, Nr. Tiverton. Easy access either coast. Quiet holiday private house 5 aspect. Gdn., orchards. Max. 4 guests. Own sitg. rm.

SOUTH Devon. Homely holiday accom., en famille. Convenient sea, buses. Full board, 4gns., except end July, August. Read, 5 Eaton Terrace, Sidmouth, Devon.

LOCKNER Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Nr. Guildford, Surrey. Farmhouse atmosphere, own garden produce, riding stables attached. Guildford 619871.

ST. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel. Riding holidays in Sussex beauty spot. Charming XII Century house. Own produce and stables. Brochure on application. Tel. Arundel 3114.

SWANAGE, Dorset. Vegetarian Guest House 3 mins. sea; H. & C. Brochure: Mr. & Mrs. Golding, "Waverley," 52 Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

GLORIOUS North Devon. Hartland Hotel, Woolacombe. Best position & high reputation. Children welcome. Good Devonshire food & farm produce. Write brochure. Tel. 57. Vacancies June, July, & September.

EASTBOURNE. Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction offering comfort, courtesy & excellent cuisine. Write brochure. Tel. 3327. May 5-5½gns.

BIDE-A-WHILE Hotel, Port Gaverne, North Cornwall. For your Spring vacation. One visit and you return. Port Isaac 218.

DITTISHAM - on - the - Dart, S. Devon. Coombe Farm Hotel. Quiet restful holiday in Queen Anne Manor House, with 20th Century comforts and conveniences. Unique centre for country, river and coastal scenery. Farm produce. From 4½ gns/week.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Phone, bed, resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive categ. Brochure.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accommodation and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5½gns. per week. Robertsbridge 148.

STUDLAND, Dorset. (7 miles Bournemouth.) Old-world Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Sandy beach. Golf. Riding. Ideal in May and June. Booking Whitsun and summer. Illus. brochure from: BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

CAPEL Curig. Guest house with modern accom. for 12. H. & C. All conveniences, finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Good centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmndr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

MOST of our Easter Guests have re-booked for Whitsun, but we can still take a few before, during and after. Good food, riding, tennis, friendly informal atmosphere. Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle. From 7gns. Tel. Battle 369.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel-Pension Westminster, Cap-Martin, Roquebrune, near Monte Carlo: seaside, private beach, garden, comfort, moderate terms.

DARTMOUTH, delightful cliff edge chalet, wonderful position, sleep 4; elec. & bath-room, with or without service. Apply White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. 'Phone 246.

ON large yacht facing Pembroke Castle. S.-contd. furn. flat. Ideal for family. Calor gas, electric light. Roomy, convenient & comfortable. Quiet but friendly. Easy facilities to beaches & exquisite countryside. Enquiries: Yacht "Atlas," The Quay, Pembroke.

BOGNOR. Quiet Guest House. Good food, home comfort. Several sit.-rooms, pleasant gdn. "Widworthy," Sylvan Way. Tel. 350.

IRELAND. Hope Castle Guest House, Castleblayney, Monaghan, on lovely Lake Muckno —"The Killarney of the North." Fishing, golf. Home farm.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury; thatched, simple, convenient centre; tours, walks; good cooking. 5gns. Hostess: Miss English.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 4½-5gns. George & Elaine Bonnez, Penralit, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

NORTH CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Mod. charges unchanged. Cliffton Cottage, Trebarwith, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 7844.

PYRENEES: France-British family seeks friendly guests in private country house nr. Pau and mountains. Write: Mlle. Dantzat, Château Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-a-While Book." Post free. 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children supervised. Enjoyable stay; 4/5gns p.w. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; bathing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

CONWAY. Mountain & sea holiday. Apply tariff: Michael, Bryn Dirat, Woodlands.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Salvdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

CORNWALL. "Sennen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Sennen 275.)

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, offers beautiful views, comfort and friendly atmosphere. Conferences, parties catered for. Vegans welcome. Anne Horner and Beatrice Farnsworth. Tel. 508.

BRIGHTON. Old and new friends welcomed at the Queensbury Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). Good food and all amenities. Full board from 5gns: Brighton 3558.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

SUSSEX. Winchelsea, Yew Tree House. Briefly, hospitality mellow & unobtrusive, 20th Century comfort, history (and buses!) on the door step, the beauty of the Sussex countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure & terms on request. Tel. 223.

STEANBRIDGE: beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlaysons, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

KING'S Arms Hotel, Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Charming unspoiled 200 years' old fully lic. coaching inn. Every mod. amenity and comfort. Plenty good food. Exc. centre yachting, fishing; grand coast and lovely country. 6½ gns. Stables opposite. Tel. 202411.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

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EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "New Statesmen," 1939/50, whole/part, offers. Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, 3 year books to '41, offers; Two fine old Violins, £18 each; Shostakevich, Prokofiev, etc. Soviet recordings new, cheap; Caravan, new, large luxury 4-berth, £290 delivered; Two-seater canoe, £12/measure; Leica 3.5 as new, £60/near, offer; German Linguaphone, complete, almost unused, £6; Linguaphone French course, almost unused, £11; Remington portable, £25, seen London.

WANTED: Harpsichord music on gramophone records; Italian Linguaphone; London D.Sc. robes; H.M.V. Auto-radiogram model 1607; Typewriter, urgent, must be "ad model; "Political Quarterly," Vol. XV, No. 2.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1od. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

PLAYHOUSE, Henley-on-Thames. Henley 777. The Tuska Theatre Company presents Leslie French & Dorothy Primrose in "As You Like It." May 15-20. Monday to Wednesday, 7.30 p.m. Thurs. to Sat., 8 p.m. Sat. Mat. 5 p.m. (On Thursday the part of Touchstone will be played by Brian Barrie.)

AN original but faithful production of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" is being presented by Tavistock Repertory Company at Tav. Little Th., 5 Tav. Place (3 mins. Russell Sq.), May 13, 18, 19, 20, at 7.30 p.m. Matinee 2.30 p.m. Saturday, 20. All bookable 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s., Box Office 6.15-9 p.m. 'Phone Eus. 1816 (10 a.m.-7 p.m.) or Eus. 7185 (7-10 p.m.).

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Lst. wk., St. & Sun. 5 & 8 "Ivanov." Tues. next & Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Calli Wang. Members.

UNITY. "Hell is What you Make It." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. EUS. 5391. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d.

MERCURY, Park 5700. Evenings 7.30. Mat. Saturday 3.0. "Angna Enters." Mime.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., May 14, 7.30: "Canzona Eterna" (A).

MESSIAH (Handel). St. Martins-in-the Fields. Friday next, at 7.30. The Cantata Singers, The Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Admission by programme: 5s. from Jacques Orchestra, Ltd., Watch House, Strand Lane, W.C.2, and Ibbs and Tillett, Ltd. (at Church on night).

RICHARD Wood. Anglo-Norwegian Prog. Songs by Purcell, Contemporary British composers, Greig (in Norwegian). Paul Hamburger (piano). Thurs. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at door and agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

NIEDZIELSKI Re-appearance after American Tour. Royal Opera House. This Sunday at 7.30. Works by Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Ravel, de Falla, Montsalvatge and Niedzielski. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. from Chappell's (May. 7600) & usual Agents. Harold Fielding Agency Division (Whi. 4041).

SOUTH Place String Orchestra. May 14, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Archie Camden (Bassoon), Peter Katin (Piano). Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 3; Sibelius Rakastave; Gordon Jacob Bassoon Concerto. Works by Geminiano, Boyce and Borodin. Adm. 2s. and 1s.

PIERRE Bernac. Gerald Moore: Jordans Music Club, Mayflower Barn, Sat., May 20, at 8. Tkts. 5s., H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone-Seer Grn.

EILEEN Ralf. Piano Recitals. Wigmore Hall. This Sat. (May. 13), at 3. (All Brahms Programme.) Sun., May 21, at 3. (Programme of Contrasts.) 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall Ibbs & Tillett Ltd. 124 Wigmore St. W.1.

THE 77 Club presents Pete Peterson's Coloured Quintet with Lord Beginner, famous Calypsonian, Sat., May 13, 8 p.m., at Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Charing X. Licensed bar. Adm. 4s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

PAUL Maze Watercolours. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

STANLEY Spencer: Recent Paintings, including four of "The Resurrection" series; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1.

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Annual exhib. at Tranquil Hall, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath Village, May 7-21. Daily 11 a.m.-7 p.m.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Pic and Potworowski.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Spring Exhibition. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings, etc., by Angna Enters; also by Cyril Mann.

MAPS, Ships & Things of the Sea. Ship models, shells, marine paintings, and old maps of all Counties. Heal & Son, 196, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St. W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Roger Vieillard. Until May 27.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Originals & Reproductions by Asian Artists. Books on Yoga, Music, Art.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Gouaches by John Paddy Carstairs. April 24-May 27.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Patrick Heron; First London Exhibition of paintings by Jacques Chapiro. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. English and French Paintings, 1770-1920. Fuseli, Gericault, Courbet, Whistler, Matisse, Sickert, etc.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

NEW English Art Club at Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, 10-5 (Sundays 2-5). Opening May 12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Paintings & Drawings by Members of the Campden Hill Club. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.) until May 27. Adm. free.

SCOTTISH Crafts. Tweeds, Tartans, Silverware, Pottery, Basketwork and a selection of Edinburgh Tapestries. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

PHOENIX Gallery stock the best Continental prints. A catalogue will be sent on application giving details of the large range of Old Master and French Impressionist reproductions. The Gallery, where framed and unframed pictures are always on display, is open from 9.30 to 6 (excluding Saturdays). 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London Fabian Society. Fri., May 19, 7.30 p.m., at Ambassadors Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Professor W. A. Robson on "The Role of a University Fabian Society in Public Affairs." Adm. free.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. A discussion on "The Writer—His Plot, His Purpose." Spkrs.: Louis Golding, Bernard Levy, Joseph Macleod, Olivia Manning. Thurs., May 18, 7.30 p.m., at Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. WEL. 0136.

"BRITAIN Must Not Betray The African Protectorates" Liberal Party Demonstration, Central Hall, Westminster, May 16, at 7 p.m. Speakers include Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Learie Constantine, Dingle Foot, Sir Andrew McFadyean. Adm. free. Reserved tickets (5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.), obtainable from 22 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

LEFT Book Club. A. E. Carthy speaking on "International Confederation of Free Trade Unions," Thurs., May 18, 8 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gdns. Finchley Rd. N.W.

WELCOME Home to 20 British workers back from U.S.S.R., Thurs., May 18, Shoreditch Town Hall (7.30). Tickets 1s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

"WHAT We saw in U.S.S.R." Report back meeting of British Workers' delegation. 7.30 p.m. Sun., May 21, Hammersmith Town Hall. Tkts. 1s. fr. British Soviet Friendship Socy., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or at door.

JOSEF Krips (Vienna State Opera) will lecture in German on "This Year's Salzburg Festival." Thurs., May 18, 6.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Henrietta St., W.C.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from the Secy., Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8, or at door.

"THE Real Truth about the Theatre." R. Morris: Kingsway Hall May 23, 7.30.

I.L.P. Dick Siney: "Industrial Organisation." Sun., May 14, 2.30. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq.

WHAT is Primal Healing? Find out at Public Lecture on Wednesday, May 17, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m. Speaker: A. G. Hall, Ph.D., LL.D., Principal, Pearson Foundation College.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., May 16, 7.30 p.m. Lecture by Mr. Alovs Skoumal, Czechoslovak Cultural Attaché, on "Some Modern Czech Prose Writers." All welcome.

"SPEECH and Silence." Talk by Stanley Godman based on Max Picard's book "The World of Silence." 3 p.m., Sat., May 20. Speech Fellowship, 1 Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.1. Collection.

"HAS the medical profession failed in its duty to the community?" An appeal for the status of Bachelor Motherhood, and/or Collateral Marital Union for both sexes. Edward A. Wilson, M.D., Non-Register, 42 Inverness Pl., W.2. Mon., May 22, at 3 p.m., repeated at 7.30 p.m. (Bayswater tube stations).

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Wednesday, May 17, at 8 p.m. "Marc Chagall and Expressionism." Illustrated lecture by Dr. G. P. Hodin. Non-members 1s.

LUNCH-Hour Talks on Yoga, Tuesdays at 1 p.m., at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. May 16: Can a Christian follow Yoga?; May 23: Yoga as a Spiritual Training; May 30: Psychological Methods in Yoga. Adm. free.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, May 18: "The Absolute and Manifestation." At 180 Aldersgate St., Mon., May 15, 7.30, "Raja Yoga." All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, May 17, 6.30. Meister Eckhart: Mr. J. M. Cohen.

THE Dean of St. Paul's on "Claude Montefiore as a Religious Thinker" (Annual Claude Montefiore Lecture) Tuesday, May 16, at 8.15 p.m. Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

H. J. Blackham: Declarations of Faith. At the Ethical Church, 49 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 14, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NORTH London Fabian Society. Day Conference. "Jordans," Bucks. June 4: "Next Election," A. Skeffington and Donald Bruce. Details: Sherman, 24 Durville Rd. N.16.

CALLING all peace lovers! Whatever your political or religious views. Elect delegates now to London Conference for Peace. St. Martin's School of Art. Sat., May 20, 2-5 p.m. Details from Secy., 31 Tanza Rd. N.W.3.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mon., May 15, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Music and the People." Mr. Ringrose (National Organiser; Worker's Music Association). Admission 1s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., May 14, at 7.45. Virginia Flemming: "The Humanist Attitude to Guilt." Note alteration of address to 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6 (off Abbey Rd., Buses 31, 28, 53).

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. May 20, 6 p.m. L. J. Brice, M.Sc.: "World Federation of the United Nations."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. May 14. S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Dilemmas of Loyalty." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. May 14: The Two Selves in Man.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates and Karl Rennert on "Mounier's New Statement on Personalism," Wed., May 17, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. "Art Therapy in Hospitals." Miss Buller (Red Cross Picture Library) & ors., Th., May 18, 8 p.m.

INAUGURAL Meeting of an Association to promote & facilitate holiday and other leisure activities for professional people will be held at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7 p.m., May 18. Write 'phone for details: Josephine Hall, 324 5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of five lectures on "The Foreign Trade of Medieval Europe" will be given by Professor M. M. Postan (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on May 19, 23, 25, 26 and 30, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

"THE Person in Industry." Personalist Group Conference at Haywards Heath, Sussex, June 2-4. The lectures will deal with "economic democracy" as seen by the politician, the industrialist and the sociologist. Speakers: R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., Elliott Dodds, R. Graham Page, Wilfred Brown, Gordon Rattray Taylor, and Maurice B. Reckitt. From Fri. 50s., from Sat. 35s. Members 45s and 32s. 6d. Applications to F. L. Jackman, 36 Abbey Rd. N.W.8. (MAI. 3066.)

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1950-51 begins on Monday, October 2, 1950. Part-time (evening) courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for Diplomas in Geography and Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1950) from: Registrar, Birkbeck College, E.C.4.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and Matriculation Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for London Matriculation and the new General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin, Mathematics, History, and Geography. Both day and evening classes include arts and science subjects as well as economics and logic. There are courses for the Special University Entrance Examination, professional preliminary examinations, and Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Full-time students under 18 years of age may be admitted free. Session 1950-1 begins on Sept. 19, 1950. Evening Classes begin on Sept. 25, 1950. (Enrolment for evening classes Sept. 18 and 19, 6-8 p.m.). Prospectuses may be obtained on application to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. Sixteen months' course for Child Care Workers. The college prepares resident and non-resident students (men and women) for the Certificate in Child Care granted by the Central Training Council in Child Care. Free tuition and full maintenance grants for successful candidates. The next course begins September 1, 1950. Please apply to the Principal for the College Prospectus and forms of application.

KING'S Copse House Studio. A residential studio, in ideal country, one hour from London. Private grounds, swimming pond, and woods. Where the artist, or student, may study figure and landscape in an atmosphere of serious training, combined with individual freedom. Contact kept with London and Continental galleries and exhibitions. Particulars from: C. W. Swiny, King's Copse House, Bucklebury Common, Reading. Tel.: Bradfield 26.

ART Classes for children on Sats., 10-12 a.m. Drawing, painting, modelling, model theatre. For terms, etc., apply 10 Alma Terrace, Allen St., W.8. 'Phone: WES. 7175.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"EDUCATION for Living"; Central London Fabian Society Conference, Sat./Sun., May 20-21. 57 Dean St., W.1. K. C. Barnes (N.E.F.), R. R. Hopkins (Personnel Manager, Peter Slade (Drama Adviser, Pilgrim Educ. Cttee.). 5s. Apply: M. Johnstone, 198 Somervell Rd. S. Harrow.

PEARSON Foundation College. Special weekend Conference. May 20-21. "Psychology and the Unseen." Please write Registrar for Syllabus and register well in advance: 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. FRO. 0360.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Matric., Special Entr., Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., M.A., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; also for General Certificate of Education, Ordinary and Advanced Levels (London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others), Civil Service, Local Government, etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Moderate fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-keepers, success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. V1193, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

EDUCATIONAL Centres Association. E.C.A. Summer Schools, 1950, include: Anglo-German Holiday School for German Language and Current Affairs students: at Goehrde, Nr. Hamburg; July 19-August 2; cost £21 inclusive travel, accommodation, excursions. Wrotham House, Barford, Nr. Stratford. Seminar on Shakespeare, including five visits to Stratford Memorial Theatre; August 26-September 2. Inclusive cost £6. Schools on Science and Industry: Science and World Food Resources: August 26-September 2: Inclusive cost £4 15s. Particulars from Educational Centres Association, 8 Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

SUMMER School of Music (Dir. William Glock), Bryanston, Aug. 12-Sept. 2. Programme of Music and Lectures includes: English Lute Songs, Plainsong, Madrigals, Scarlatti Sonatas, Bach's Brandenburg Concertos and "48," Haydn's Quartets, Mozart's Quintets, Piano Duets, Schubert Lieder, Debussy, Bartok, Opera, Criticism. Artists include Elisabeth Schumann, Monique Haas, Denis Matthews, George Malcolm, Amadeus Quartet. Cambridge University Madrigal Society, Boyd Neel Orchestra. From 9 guineas p.w. Send stamp for prospectus to John Amis, SS. of M. Ltd., 29 Holland Villas Rd. W.14.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by the Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published 1925. Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.